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FLASHBACK

PRESERVING THE PAST FOR THE FUTURE

AUGUST 1982

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WASHINGTON COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

FLASHBACK

PRESERVING THE PAST FOR THE FUTURE

Volume 32 ★ Number 3

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THE BLUE AND THE GRAY

In Northwest Arkansas

Cyrus A. Sutherland's Story

Practically everyone in Washington County has a "Blue and Gray" story. This is mine. In the summer of 1981 Columbia Pictures Television came to northwest Arkansas and in less than six months made thousands of friends for many reasons, not the least of which was that they left here a large hunk of $17,000,000. Nearly everyone found the making of a major television film to be an exciting and entertaining experience. It helped give new meaning to dozens of our historic buildings, our scenic and history-laden countryside, and it gave entertaining employment to hundreds of willing extras.

Many of us who can remember that far back still tell stories of the *Jesse James* motion picture production in this region and southern Missouri in the summer of 1939, starring Tyrone Power. In fact, that Hollywood visit may have generated more excitement in those less jaded days than the 1981 production of *The Blue and The Gray*. A favorite Fayetteville story still lingering describes hundreds of students neglecting classes in the early fall to drive to Noel, Missouri, to get close to the action. It was a hot Indian summer, the crowds were great, and competition for close-up positions was stiff. Co-ed Mary Margaret Bowen (Morton) was an interested member of one crowd trying to get close enough for an autograph from heart-throb Tyrone Power. Totally overcome by the crowd-crush, the heat of the day, and perhaps especially by the fact that she was only a short distance from the train coach where Ty Power was performing, Mary Margaret swooned. Whether it was a well-staged drama or a genuine faint, it worked. Tyrone himself saw the swoon, came at once to the rescue and himself carried her aboard the train where he patted her wrist and fanned her to recovery. I will let that one stand as a can-you-top-this story for the camp followers of *The Blue and The Gray* (*TB & TG* henceforth).

My story of *TB & TG* will not be a substitute for seeing the television miniseries in the fall of 1982, but I hope it will help us all enjoy the series a bit more. My involvement with the film was quite minor. If I had been given a title, which I wasn't, it might have been something like "Architectural Consultant." Although I became reasonably well acquainted with most of the production team before the filming started, I met only two of the long cast of actors (Colleen Dewhurst and Gregory Peck) and saw very little of the actual filming activity.

In June of 1981 I had a phone call from Joe Glass, Director of Motion Picture Development, with the Arkansas Development Commission. Films previously made in Arkansas have acquainted us with how they can make the cash flow. Joe Glass and his small staff devote their full time to courting film companies. Joe had learned my name through a number of sources dealing with architecture history. He wondered if I would be interested in meeting to discuss possible location sites with the Columbia Pictures production team. I indicated interest and was soon talking with Producer Harry Thomason, himself a native Arkansan. His advance production team was coming to northwest Arkansas to be hosted on a search for prospective filming locations by the Springdale Chamber of Commerce Executive Director Lee Zachary.

A few days later I rendezvoused with this search team at the Prairie Grove Battlefield Park. In the Columbia Pictures delegation was Director Andrew McLaglen, Producers Harry Thomason, Hugh Benson, and John Anderson, Joe Glass, Ed Smith (superintendent of Prairie Grove Battlefield Park) and a professional photographer from Little Rock.

The prime target on this trip seemed to be houses suitable for the Ben & Maggie Geyser and the Jacob & Evelyn Hale houses. These families played focal roles in the story line of *TB & TG*. The Geysers were southerners living in Virginia. The Hales lived in Baltimore, with loyalties to the North. Maggie and Evelyn were sisters, giving that symbolic bloodline tie between Blue and Gray families. Young John Geyser, played by actor John Hammond, was an artist with a deeply philosophic unwillingness to bear arms against anyone. He leaves his family, goes to Baltimore, and is given an opportunity by his newspaper publisher uncle Jacob Hale to become an illustrator-correspondent. We subsequently see the tragic national drama unfold through his journalistic assignments for Harpers Weekly. He becomes the close friend of Jonas Steele, a robust Union officer who was once Lincoln's bodyguard. I will give credits at the end, all those that I know. It will not be complete.

The production company had flown to Springdale that day and were making a fast reconnaisance trip in a caravan of cars, led by Zachary in a huge white Cadillac limousine. I joined the VIPs in the limo and we made a quick turn through the Battlefield Park and headed north to the Bunn and Louise Bell house which was to be considered for the Hale house. That house is approached by a long driveway paralleling a foreground meadow, so that by the time one has reached the frontyard gate, the house has been in excellent view for some time. I can only assume that the scouting team decided quickly that it was a good candidate for the Hale house and that it was unnecessary to stop long enough to meet the owners. However, at a momentary pause, I stepped from our car and asked a workman in the yard to summon Mr. and Mrs. Bell. Just as they appeared on the front porch, the march order was given and the motorcade circled and moved off down the driveway, leaving Bunn and Louise standing there with puzzled expressions, wondering if that was all they would see of the Hollywood delegation. To complete the Bell house story, the producers returned some two weeks later to make a tentative arrangement with the Bells to use the house. But when the brass tacks and fine print of the

requirements were revealed, the Bells decided they were unwilling to permit the considerable traffic necessary. They apologized profusely for backing down and, in turn, found Producer Harry Thomason graciously understanding of their decision.

Bunn and Louise Bell Home — Prairie Grove

Our caravan then headed for Cane Hill to see the McClelland house which both Ed Smith and I felt would fulfill the specifications: a frame house fronted by a stone wall and overlooking a large open field. Approaching the McClelland House is a suspenseful adventure. It is necessary to walk the quarter-mile curving driveway — a heavy padlocked chain blocks the entrance. In recent years the house front has become completely obscured by trees and shrubbery. Once this landscape cover was penetrated, the visitors were impressed by the handsome house. I assured them the house style would be very much at home in Virginia. I know it has hundreds of twins in that state. The stone wall was perfect. The front yard foliage was too thick and would need cutting. The required barn was not very close and not photogenic. The modern additions at the rear would have to be avoided by the camera. Power lines crossed the foreground meadow and relocating, while not impossible, would be expensive.

We looked at other properties that afternoon and at more several days later. At least ten different locations were assessed for the Geyser farmhouse. My job was to judge whether it could be made to look architecturally correct for the time period. The production team made the decisions as to whether it could accomodate the action. No place was perfect.

The Geyser farmhouse search ended at the M & M Farms, a mile and a half north of Cave Springs in Benton County. Owned by Mr. Willard Main, the house sits 200 yards to the west of Highway 112 and is visible just after crossing the Sugar Creek bridge, going north. The house was perfect — set on a gentle slope, backed by woods, overlooking a broad meadow. A workable barn stood nearby and a useful stream crossed the south pasture. It had two

shortcomings: there was no stone wall and the house was a Victorian cottage, built much later than the Civil War. The stone wall was easy to build. "Sutherland, can the house be altered to look right?" Of course it could. Gingerbread was removed from the end gables and the front porch. The solid concrete modern porch was camouflaged with fieldstone piers and lattice work between. New porch columns and balustrade were built. Asphalt

The Geyser Farmhouse — M & M Farms, Hwy. 112, North of Cave Springs

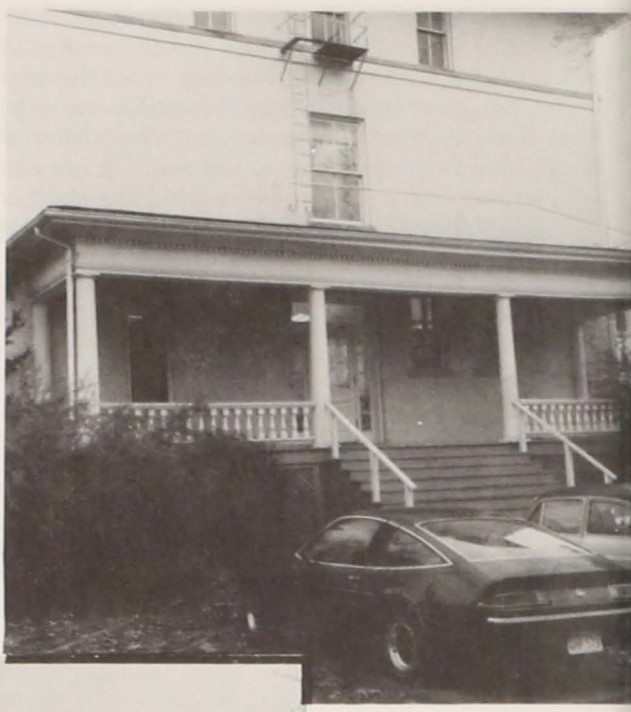
shingles were covered with new cedar shingles which were antiqued with paint. A number of alterations were made at the rear to bring the whole into visual harmony. The interior was transformed completely into a pre-war country farmhouse. Furnishings and bric-a-brac were brought from Hollywood, a quicker and cheaper system than searching local sources. All surfaces were refinished with paint or paper or new flooring material. I visited it during one day of filming and was astonished at its authentic look.

It was a bright, sunny morning in October. The lynching of slave Jonathan and the burning of his cabin on the Geyser farm had been filmed the night before. A crewman was still hosing down the smouldering ruins. Inside the house, Maggie Geyser (Colleen Dewhurst) was sick in bed, surprised by a visit from her not-exactly-welcome son, John. After the "wrap" of the sickbed scene, Miss Dewhurst came to the porch in her nightgown to sit in the warm sun, and we had a brief conversation. The eight hours of this drama end at the Geyser farmhouse with the celebration of the wedding of John Geyser to Kathy Reynolds, daughter of the Yankee senator Reynolds (Robert Vaughan). The "Gray" Geyser family and the "Blue" Hale family are together once again.

The most productive day I spent with the CBS staff finding locations was a Sunday afternoon in early November. Art Director Gary Lee came to my house so we could explore my photo archives for buildings suitable for the following: Ford's Theater, Washington, D.C.; Willard's Bar, a high class saloon in Washington; the McLean house at Appomattox Courthouse where General Lee surrendered to General Grant; a simple brick townhouse in Georgetown (suburb of Washington) for John Geyser's residence; and a large, elegant, Washington, D.C., townhouse suitable for the aristocratic Senator Reynolds. Before the day was over, we had likely candidates for all these scenes.

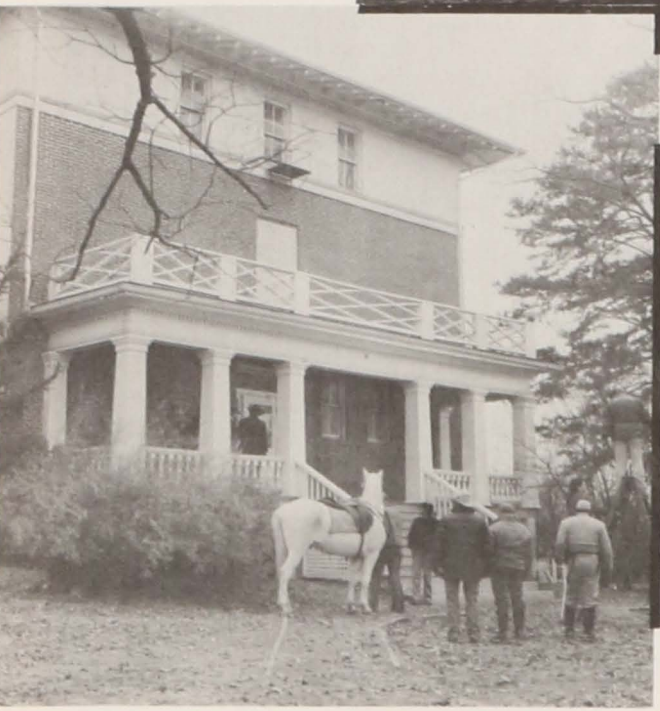
Gary Lee had early photographs of Willard's Bar showing many large classical columns, crystal chandeliers — a sumptuous interior. The script called for windows through which marching troops could be seen. The only such interior in Fayetteville I could think of was the lobby of Vol Walker Hall, once the University of Arkansas library, now the architecture building. We

Willard's Bar — Carnall Hall, Fayetteville Campus



East End of Carnall Hall, Fayetteville Campus, U of A

Making the Alterations



McLean House at Appomattox Courthouse

went there and the solid marble columns and dado, the fine brass chandelier seemed at first to be the answer. But the prospects of eliminating faculty for two days of filming seemed very unlikely. I knew one other interior with columns and grand scale — the lobby of Carnall Hall. A quick visit was made and it was deemed entirely suitable, so contractual arrangements were made with the University. The heroic plaster columns, doors and woodwork were repainted as fine-grained wood. Victorian wallpaper covered the walls, applied with a special adhesive to facilitate easy removal. A huge carved oak bar was moved in (I never learned the source). The students so admired the new decorations and furnishings they petitioned to let it remain permanently. But the contract required Columbia to restore all property to its original condition. The sign over the entrance remained for several days and was an eyebrow-raiser to uninformed passersby. Soon after filming was completed, the restoration crew was at work and overnight the wartime glamor was gone.

Please refer to photographs on opposite page

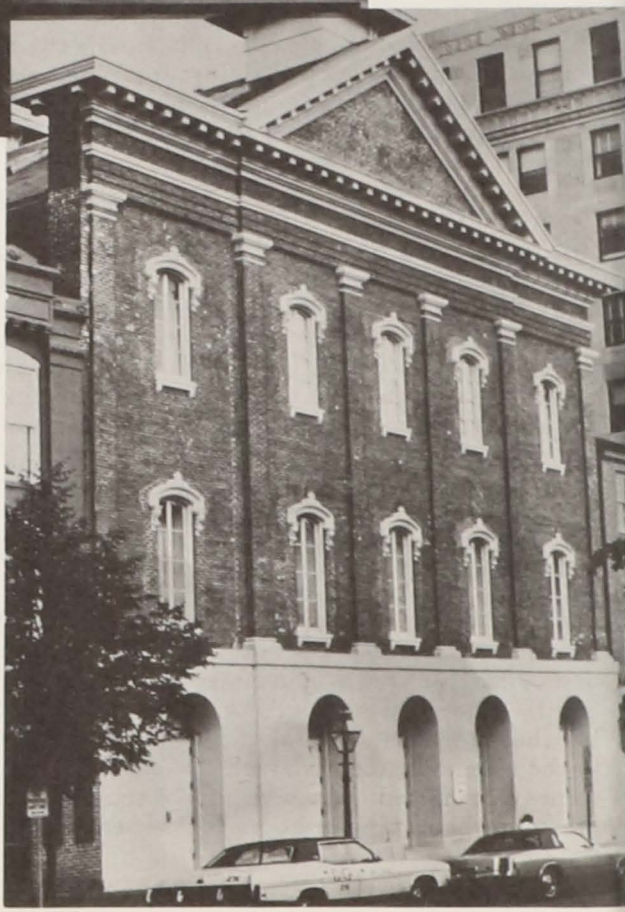
As Art Director Lee and I walked from the east end of Carnall Hall that Sunday afternoon, we both realized that the east facade of the building could fulfill the requirements of the McLean house at Appomattox Courthouse. The accompanying photographs show the before, during and after alterations. The brick building had been painted white many years ago. The bricks were made red again with a paint roller and mortar joints were painted in by hand. The four slender colonial columns were boxed in to match the McLean original, and two more were added. A federal style balustrade was added to the porch roof. New balustrades were installed on the broad steps, and the McLean house was ready for the emotionally moving scene between Generals Grant and Lee.

In the summer of 1980 I had made colored slides of the newly restored Ford's Theater in Washington, D.C. Gary used my slides as a more accurate image of the theater facade than his dim photograph found in a reference book. The red brick and arched windows of the theater facade could have been used as a model of the south facade of the University's Old Main. The arcaded ground floor of the theater was painted light gray as part of the restoration, whereas Old Main's ground floor was heavily rusticated brown sandstone. This difference was easily eliminated by erecting a new front at ground level, replicating three of the theater's five entrance doors in the gray brick wall. So, when hysterical Mrs. Lincoln comes crying from the theater, sobbing "Where is he? Where have they taken my husband?" it's actually Old Main in the background.

Please turn page to see photographs

He had been removed, of course, to Petersen's Boarding House across the street, a typical urban row house with a flight of steps leading up to the front door. This house was a requirement which neither Fayetteville nor Fort Smith — indeed, not all of Arkansas — could fulfill. There are no townhouses like that in the state. I think the boarding house front was finally mocked up in the warehouse set studio which Columbia operated in Springdale. Many scenes were filmed there with indoor sets, including, I think, the deathbed drama in the narrow bedroom of Petersen's boarding house.

Erecting new front on University's Old Main



Sutherland's Photograph of Restored Ford's Theatre, Washington, D.C. Taken Summer, 1980

One other interesting scene took place on the University campus: the testing by President Lincoln of the Spencer repeating rifle. The script reads "... We are in a field. It is within the Washington, D.C. city limits, and there is a glimpse of some government building, masked by trees, in the background. Present with Lincoln are Christopher Spencer, inventor of the rifle, a Connecticut Yankee in his late thirties; and Jonas Steele. LINCOLN pumps the rifle."

It's an exciting episode, pregnant with implications of growing military superiority for the Union forces. First Lincoln empties the seven-shot magazine of the pump-type rifle, with a reasonably good target pattern. Then he urges his bodyguard, Jonas Steele, to try it out with the remark "... This will be an excellent test for your invention, Mr. Spencer. Captain Steele is ... one of the best shots in the army." They are all amazed at the speed and accuracy of Jonas' markmanship. Lincoln implies he will recommend acceptance by the War Department and ends the scene by giving the Spencer rifle to Jonas as a wedding gift, explaining that "...any gift that might help you survive... and thus bring you back (to your bride) safely... is appropriate."

The "government building, masked by trees, in the background" is the University Engineering building. For the record, I include the top-hatted President against the south tower of Old Main.

John Geyser became acquainted with aristocratic Kathy Reynolds in a violent battle scene, and eventually calls on her at her father's home in Washington, D.C. Asked if Fayetteville had a house which might fulfill such distinction, I decided the Mock-Fulbright-Hall house on Mt. Nord, now owned and occupied by Dr. Joe B. Hall and family, would be stylistically correct. It has excellent Georgian details on the exterior. The Palladian windows and overall scale seem entirely appropriate for a career statesman in the national capitol. Satisfactory agreements were made between CBS and the Hall family, and some of the most colorful and entertaining scenes of the epic were filmed in the rooms of this famous house. Senator Reynolds, of course, feels a lowly journalist-illustrator for Harpers Weekly is unworthy to court his beautiful daughter, a feeling shared by one of her suitors from the foreign diplomatic corps. Fist-fights and duels ensue. John Geyser eventually wins the hand of the daughter and the good will of the Senator.

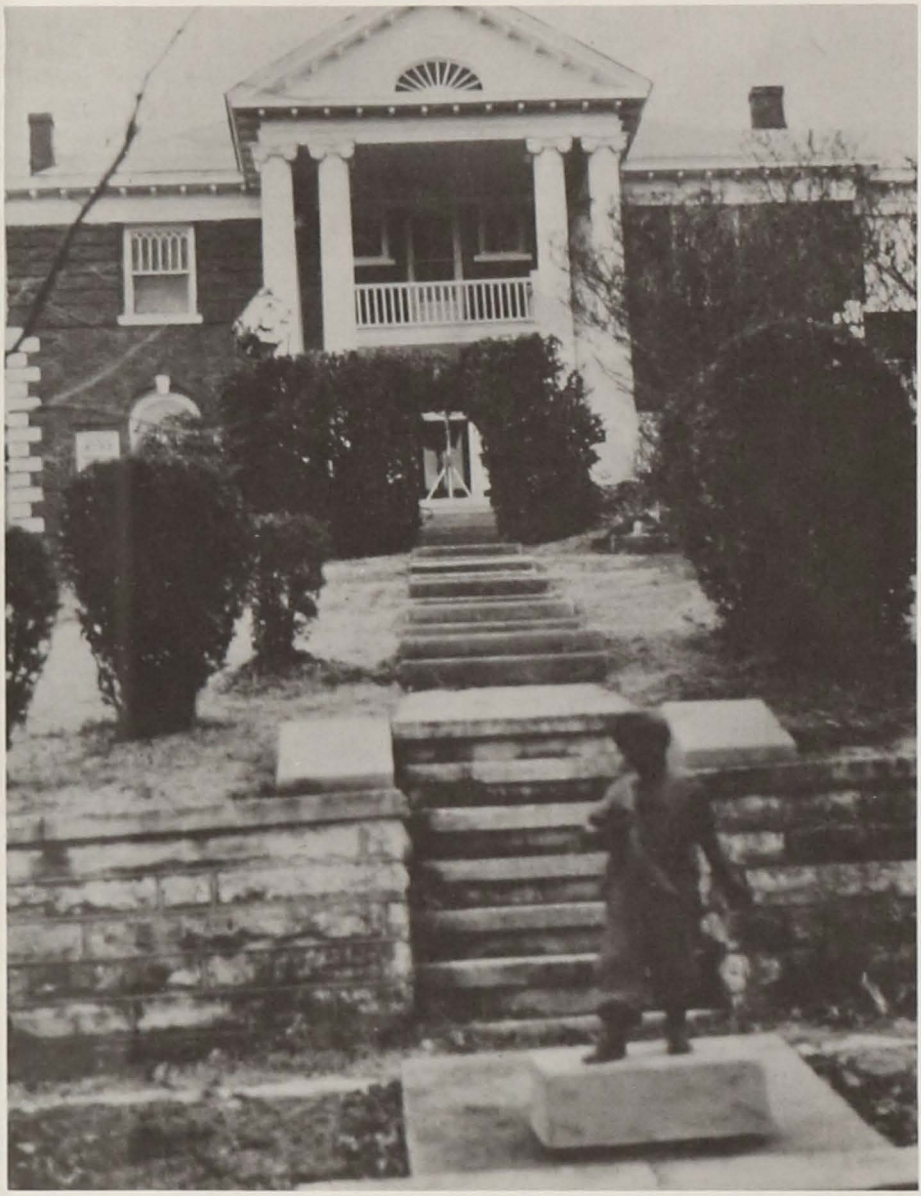
An almost desperate phone call one morning from Harry Thomason asked if I knew of a modest Georgian townhouse appropriate to Georgetown, a middle class suburb of Washington, D.C. With the Mock-Fulbright-Hall house already spoken for, I felt the only other Georgian example which could qualify was the Dr. William Baerg residence on Park Street. Whereas most townhouses in Georgetown are of the rowhouse variety, there are many detached dwellings like the Baerg residence. Its only out-of-character feature

was the modern-looking portico supported by wrought-iron. The agreement between CBS and owners included replacement of these wrought iron elements with slender Federal-style wood columns. These have been kept by the owner and are shown in the photograph.

John Geyser's Georgetown House — Eloise Baerg, resident

This was John Geyser's Georgetown house. The principal scene takes place in his studio which the script says was a converted parlor. In this case it was a converted dining room. Eloise Baerg tells of her astonished delight at the deftness with which the film crew carefully emptied the dining room of its precious furnishings and in a very short time converted it to a professional artist's studio. The paved street in front of the house was covered with top soil to disguise the 20th century setting. Jonas Steele arrives on horseback to report to John that the Union forces were gaining everywhere and that the war was "winding down." John's fiancee, Kathy, is posing for a portrait in her nurse's uniform and encourages John to accompany Jonas to where the final action probably will be, Appomattox Courthouse, Virginia.

Like most other property owners, Mrs. Baerg reports the experience of hosting the film crew was fascinating and exciting, and that the refinishing of surfaces and repair of even the slightest damage was performed quickly and efficiently. She and her family are especially pleased with the new, slender, white columns of the portico. The Baerg house remains Fayetteville's most genuine example of the Federal Georgian style.



Senator Reynolds's Washington House — Dr. Joe B. Hall, Resident

Obliterating the 20th century paving with topsoil was necessary along Washington Street also, which was to become the residential street near the White House in Washington. And along this route, on the night of the tragic assassination, Jonas Steele and John Geyser raced their horses in a vain effort to bring a message of ominous warning to President Lincoln. Their horseback

race ended temporarily at the intersection of Washington and Davidson Streets where the gateposts to the Davidson property, now owned by Mr. and Mrs. Carlon Bassett, had been embellished to simulate the entrance to the White House grounds — a clever and inexpensive substitute for displaying the presidential residence. The messengers tell the gatekeeper they have an important message for the president and after producing satisfactory credentials, are told that President and Mrs. Lincoln are at the Ford's theater. John and Jonas gallop off, and were obviously unable to change the course of history.

I have deliberately avoided a chronological sequence describing the sites and scenes I am familiar with, because that is the way a film is made. The script is carefully written in advance with every scene, no matter how short, numbered sequentially. There were 787 scenes numbered in this script. Any one of those scenes can be filmed separately and eventually edited into the film in its proper place. And so the scenes are done according to logical convenience rather than by the order in which they occur in the script.

The wedding of Jonas Steele and Mary Hale is performed at a church in Gettysburg. Mt. Comfort church was chosen for this happy scene. Guests included a half-dozen couples and their children. Of course Mary's parents, Jacob and Evelyn Hale are there with her sister Annie. A reception is held immediately after in the "vestry", provided by Mt. Comfort's social hall opposite the church. Here the guests are received by the happy pair, and champagne and sandwiches are served. John is the best man and his gift delivered during the reception, miniature portraits he has done of the couple so that each may carry an image of the loved one during their inevitable wartime separation. The couple drive away in a decorated gig to the honeymoon house "down the road" at Hanover.

Subsequent important scenes in the Jonas-Mary house were made at the historic National Register L.L. Kantz house on Highway 45 East, near the intersection of Highway 265. It was particularly appropriate. The script described the house as empty, looking somewhat rundown from neglect, furnished only with a table and two chairs in the kitchen, and a brass bed in the upstairs bedroom, a bed we have seen earlier in the Hale house. The Kantz house, one of Fayetteville's most historic and important houses, had been empty and neglected for many months. This use of the filming company brought some desirable traffic and attention.

Thunderstorm and lightning heighten the drama of the newlywed couple's arrival at the house in Hanover. Observers of the two-day filming at the Kantz house were at first puzzled and then amused at the rain-making apparatus installed. Movie rain is almost always artificial because of the obvious undependability of the real thing. This was simply an arrangement of regularly spaced vertical water pipes with appropriate nozzles which dispensed a natural-looking shower with the operation of a valve.

When I led the scouting crew to the Kantz house in midsummer as a prospective site, it was found architecturally good, but its proximity to the highway was regarded as a distinct disadvantage. Finally the highway problem was outweighed by the desirability of the house, and when filming began, the radio-controlled roadblock system was employed to eliminate 20th

century automobile noises from the sound track. This was elaborate and efficient, but could be employed only with the cooperation of the city, county, and sometimes state highway patrolmen. Strategically placed traffic controllers with walkie-talkies responded immediately to the director's orders of "Quiet!!" and all traffic was stopped at the specified radius until the all-clear signal was given. Virtually every location required this sound control system. We are oblivious to 20th century noises (bulldozers, lawn mowers, chain-saws, airplanes, motorcycles, train whistles, ambulances across town) until we try to simulate a mid-19th century environment. It was extremely difficult at the Kantz house.

The Kantz House — on Historic National Register — Highway 45 East

When the request was made to use the living room of our Society's Headquarters House (the Jonas Tebbetts house) for scenes of *TB & TG*, there were naturally mixed feelings by all members of the Board. Positive factors such as long-range publicity advantage and the appropriateness of this genuine Civil War house as a setting for important events of the Civil War resulted in the Board's decision to permit the house to be used. The living room was to be the cabinet meeting room of the White House. One of the scenes to be

re-enacted there was the signing of the Emancipation Proclamation. Filming was scheduled for 7:30 a.m. one day in mid-December. Helen Brannan, our board member in charge of Headquarters House, and I were there early to see that things ran smoothly. The value and delicacy of the furnishings was reiterated and I personally moved some fragile lamps and china pieces to the upstairs bedroom. All the living room furnishings were moved into the library and other out-of-sight spaces. A truckload of new furnishings was unloaded and arranged, including fringed maroon draperies which had been ordered by Hollywood. Most of the furniture, including a conference-type table for the centerpiece, came from Barrack's Art Galleries in Springdale. Suddenly I heard Director Andrew McLaglen saying, "Cy, I like your dining room table better than the table we have. Can we use your table?" Helen and I conferred briefly and decided there was no serious risk involved, so gave our permission. Our splendid dining table separates into several parts, and only two-thirds of the whole was found suitable for the cabinet room conference table.

Interior of Tebbetts House Showing Dining Table

Very early I discovered the decoration director was recreating a painting of the historic signing made by a 19th century American artist (I can't remember his name). Stacks of legal tomes in the painting were replicated by neighbor Pamela Taylor who was peeking from the kitchen when the need for these large leather-bound volumes was announced, and volunteered hers.

Gregory Peck, made-up and costumed as President Lincoln, was on the set early and spent most of his time reciting lines to himself as he walked in and out of the set, rehearsing his actions as well as the dialogue. His entourage of supporting personnel was impressive. A tall, casually dressed football-player type, sitting by the director's chair, was identified as the President's stand-in. He was never called to action while I was present. Peck did his own standing-

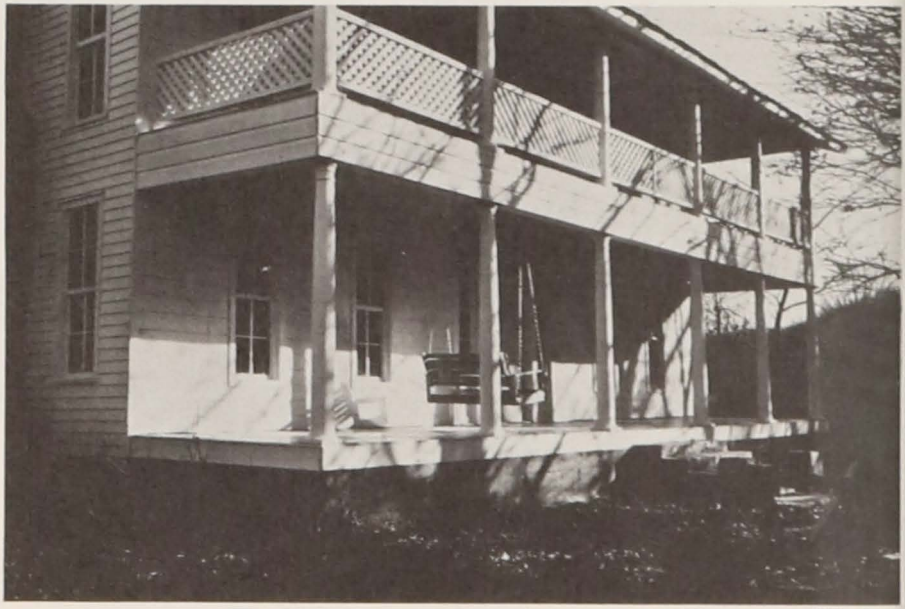
Gregory Peck preparing for Emancipation Proclamation Signing in Tebbetts House

in. I finally asked a mysterious woman confidently seated in the dining room what her function was. "I'm here to install Gregory Peck's contact lenses when and if it should become necessary," was her answer. A make-up man was present and did some touching-up before filming began.

Hanging in a small hall which leads to the museum room of Headquarters House is a framed copy of a 1861 *Fayetteville Democrat* with an editorial on the Civil War. I joined Gregory Peck in this hallway for a brief conversation about the Headquarters House. The editorial caught his eyes and he read it with obvious fascination, using the voice of Abraham Lincoln. In fact, everything I heard him say during the filming, whether script lines or simple conversation, was intoned in his concept of Lincoln's voice and personality. Obviously this practice is Peck's technique for getting into character before the camera.

The Washington County Historical Society is proud that the scenes of President Lincoln with his cabinet members in the White House were filmed in the honorable Headquarters House which served both the Blue and the Gray as the opposing forces moved in and out of Fayetteville. For the record, a small table was damaged by the filming traffic. It was repaired and, in accordance with the use contract, the living room, hall, and dining room ceiling were repainted, and the carpets cleaned. All furniture was precisely replaced, and the Society was paid $2,000 for use of the property. Our only regret is that we failed to have Gregory "President Lincoln" Peck — and all the rest of the cast and film crew, for that matter — sign the guest book!

The Hale house in Gettysburg found a suitable setting in the Berry house near Wesley, on the edge of Madison county. A two-story frame with full length two-story gallery and an ample ell and "mud room" behind, the production team approved it almost immediately after going inside. The first reaction was "We will have to move three pieces of furniture", a modest exaggeration of the actual facts. Mrs. Berry had acquired this elegant mid-19th



The Hale House in Gettysburg — Berry House near Wesley

century house about three years ago and has performed a splendid restoration project. Original spaces and surface materials have been left intact as much as possible. New material has been added only where serious deterioration and decay made new material necessary. And it has been furnished in a simple 19th century manner. This was the home of Jacob and Evelyn Hale, uncle and aunt of John Geyser. Jacob was publisher of the Gettysburg Chronicle and hired his nephew John as an illustrator-journalist, launching him on a successful and historic career. John's friend, Jonas Steele, falls in love with Mary Hale, a beautiful but ill-starred marriage which provides one of the most romantically tragic episodes.

The Berry house (Hale house) is one of northwest Arkansas' significant buildings and one day, I think, will be nominated to the National Register of Historic Places. Its role in this television film is an important one.

This is most of my *TB & TG* story. I know I have ignored many important sites — but was not involved in choosing them, so must leave their story to someone else. Such places include the Circle-H Ranch on Highway 45 East where the Gettysburg Address scene was filmed. Joe Glass, reporting on that dramatic event, said, "Gregory Peck was asked to repeat that address twenty times (a slight exaggeration, I think) and I cried every time." There was a poig-

nant scene concerning slaves taking refuge in the woods filmed near the Brick Bailey House on Old Wire Road, with the 1840s Bailey house in the background. An interesting episode was filmed at the small lake near the Fairview Cemetery on east Mission Street. A violent scene of cavalry charges and cannon fire was enacted on the Markham Hill meadow west of the University stadium. Scenes involving trains and railroad stations and blown-up rail bridges were filmed at the newly-restored rail line in Eureka Springs.

Cal Kinzer, Park Historian with the Prairie Grove Battlefield Park, undoubtedly made the most important single contribution of any northwest Arkansas local citizen. A genuine scholar on Civil War history, he was hired as technical assistant to the production company to advise on all matters military — uniforms, equipment, firearms, battle vehicles, battlefield strategy, etc. I hope he will agree to tell his *TB & TG* story for the next issue of *Flashback*. Artist John Geyser's drawings played such an important part in the story that it was necessary to allow many of his sketches to be seen in the film. Who actually made the sketches supposed to be the work of talented young actor John Hammond? Jan Gosnell of Fayetteville was the real talent. His personal experiences in *TB & TG* will surely be among the most interesting. Incidentally, when we see President Lincoln's hand signing the Emancipation Proclamation, it's Gosnell's hand forming the famous signature.

Some Credits:

The Blue and the Gray, written by Ian McLellan Hunter from a story by Bruce Catton and John Leekly, with additional material by Jack Soward.

Co-Producers:	Harry Thomason, Hugh Benson, Jon Anderson
Director:	Andrew McLaglen
Assistant Director:	Jonathan Zimmerman
Art Director:	Gary Lee

Some of the Cast:

President Lincoln	Gregory Peck
Geyser Family	Ben (father), Lloyd Bridges; Maggie (mother), Colleen Dewhurst; John, John Hammond; Slave, Paul Winfield
Hale Family	Jacob (father), Warren Oates; Evelyn (mother), Diane Baker; Mary, Julia Duffy
Jonas Steele	Stacy Keach
John Brown	Sterling Hayden
Vicksburg Lady	Geraldine Page
Senator Reynolds	Robert Vaughn
General Lee	Robert Symonds
Young Soldiers	Cooper Huckabee, Bruce Abbott, Brian Kerwin, David Harper (Jim-Bob of the Waltons), Michael Horton
Harper's Editor	Robin Gammell

Notice I have avoided attempting to list local people hired as extras. There were hundreds. Such a list will be of historical interest and I hope someone will undertake the project.

OUR READERS WRITE

From James E. Gibson, Route 1, Summers, AR 72769: "Reference is made to your 'Editor's Note' page 32, current issue of FLASHBACK, following the article 'Three West County Gentlemen.' The newspaper article appeared in the Westville *Wigwam* dated July 22, 1904, according to my records. Dr. and Mrs. Gilbert C. Gibson, 3607 Arlington, Lawton, OK have kindly sent me a copy of their original. Dr. Gibson is a great-grandson of Capt. Gibson. Capt Gibson's brother John was my great-grandfather."

From Mrs. L. W. Ledgerwood, Jr., 1655 Imperial Crown, Houston, TX 77043: "My parents, Mr. and Mrs. Von Carter, were long-time members of WCHS and interested and enthusiastic readers of FLASHBACK, being natives of the county. Last August, when we cleaned out their home, Mother sent all her accumulated back issues of FLASHBACK (except those in which appeared articles I had submitted) back to your headquarters, so that you could sell them to anyone wanting those particular issues. They had moved to a nursing home, and ill health was preventing their subscribing or reading any longer. Mother (Ella M. Jones Carter) died on April 8. My father has been in the hospital in Muskogee, OK for six weeks, critically ill.

I found many interesting items in the February FLASHBACK and miss being able to discuss them with Mother. One was the article on 'The Homesley Family.' I'm glad Mrs. Hill is working so diligently on that family. Probably you have had a dozen people write about it, but I think Mrs. Hill might be interested to know that the term 'infant' when found in wills or legal documents, does not mean the same as we interpret it. Actually, it means the girl or boy had not reached the age (18 or 21) when he or she was considered legally 'of age,' and a guardian was appointed to take care of inheritance or whatever. A girl might be married with her husband appointed her guardian, and she would still be 'infant' (conceivably with an infant of her own).

The article about Annette Dickerson was most interesting, also. Actually, since Annette was born in 1841, she was a young lady in her early twenties during Civil War times, and not a 'girl.' But that doesn't make her trip across the mountains any less hazardous! I was interested to see that she stopped at the home of a Mrs. Cole (p. 34). I really believe the widow Cole was my great-great-grandmother, Edith Jane Montgomery Cole, whose husband, James Cole, had died in 1859. They lived at Delaney for a while, later settled at Combs, Ark. Their farm was near the head of the White River, along the Mill Creek Road turnoff. They owned a tavern or inn, and kept a large stockpen for the benefit of traveling stock men who would spend the night there. I don't think it was by accident that Annette stopped at Widow Cole's house, for Mrs. Cole was first cousin to Annette's father. (Their mothers were Flanary sisters, back in Virginia.) Perhaps the reason the horse stopped there and 'refused to budge' was, he had been there before.

I don't know who 'Widow Burkett' might have been, but do know that Miles Cole, the oldest son of James and Edith Cole, was in all probability mar-

ried to a Burkett girl; he was killed during the Civil War. I'll speculate that Mrs. Burkett's husband, Bill, might have been brother-in-law to Miles Cole."

Conrow R. Miller asks "Were you aware that Bonnie Cox Sellers has published a most comprehensive history of the Reed family? This starts in 1710 with the original Reed who came from Ireland to Philadelphia and continues to the present. It is a large volume with an excellent index. Her address is 575 Prospect Avenue, Riverside, CA 92507. A hardback; it sells for $32.00."

Yetive Denton Ramsey, "With reference to the 'Three West County Gentlemen' in the May FLASHBACK, Reed Thomason of Lincoln may be able to help you. The following is in my collection of descendants of John and Jane (French) Denton. Much of the Gibson information was given to me by Katherine Denton, dau. of Charles Sneed and Myrtle E. Lee (Gibson) Denton. Col. M. Daniel Thomasson, b. 27 August 1801, Tenn., the son of William Thomasson, married 1821 Mary Jane Denton, b. 15 October 1804, Tenn., the dau. of John and Jane (French) Denton. Daniel d. 23 July 1839 in Washington County, Arkansas, and Mary Jane d. 26 January 1892. Both are buried in the Cincinnati (Arkansas) Cemetery. Their youngest and eighth child, Sarah Jane 'Jennie' Thomason, b. 27 January 1839, d. 25 May 1913, married George Gibson, b. 9 November 1831, d. 17 January 1904. Both are buried in Cincinnati Cemetery. George is the son of George and Barbara (McPhail) Gibson. George, the son of George and Jennie (Thomason) Gibson, married 24 December 1892, Taska Mederis, the dau. of R.A. Mederis, near Cincinnati, Washington County, Arkansas.

TO GENEALOGISTS:

Lois Miller, member of WCHS, announces that her first book "Index to Wills 1828—1931 and Index to Probate Records Books A thru K 1837—1901, Washington County, Arkansas" is now sold out and out of print. Her second book will be available this fall. It is "Marriages of Washington County, Arkansas, Books A—B—C 1845—1871" and will have both a bride's and a groom's index, as well as the date of marriage, and marriage book and page number for each marriage. The cost before November 1, 1982 will be $10.95 postpaid; after that date it will be $13.95, postpaid. It may be obtained from Lois Miller at 1126 Sunset Drive, Fayetteville, AR 72701.

WASHINGTON COUNTY'S OLDEST CITIZENS

Peter Mankins, born 8/18/1770, died 12/30/1881, buried in Reece Cemetery, Middle Fork.

Rev. Tennant, ca 114 years, died 1886. Preached more than 90 years. Buried in Bethlehem Cemetery.

David Wakins, died 1/24/1850 at about 115 years. Buried in Shumate Cemetery.

Mrs. L. W. Ledgerwood, Jr., 1655 Imperial Crown, Houston, TX 77043: "Dr. Jourdain Hasty CARTER (known as 'Jerd') was born in Franklin County, Tenn., on 19 Dec. 1839, son of Dr. George W. Carter and Nancy Hasty. The family moved to Washington County in 1851. Dr. Jerd practiced medicine in the vicinity of Sulphur and Carter, Ark. He is buried at McCord cemetery, near Elkins, and has a Confederate Soldier's tombstone, without dates. Can anyone tell, **even approximately,** when he died? Benjamin H. Carter, born 7 Dec. 1830, was brother to Dr. Jerd. He is also buried at McCord, also has a Government Marker without dates. When did he die?"

Mary C. Bowen, 4885 Academy Street, San Diego, CA 91019: "John HANBY, b.c. 1820, probably Howard County, MO. Married 1840 in Franklin County, MO to Mary Callaway, gr-granddaughter of Daniel Boone. John and Mary Hanby may have moved to Crawford or Washington County, Arkansas, after 1850. Will descendants please help?"

Peggy Fields, Rte. 2, Box 293, Lincoln, AR 72744: "LONG, John Wesley — b. Oct. 11, 1837, Washington County, AR, d. Feb. 26, 1912. Married Mary HENSON, Dec. 9, 1860. Who are his parents, brothers and sisters? Will exchange information. STEVENS, Isaac — b. 1859 around Salisaw, OK, d. Apr. 10, 1927, buried Rose Cemetery. Married Lavina Jane LONG, Apr. 8, 1886. Who are Isaac's parents, brothers, sisters? Will exchange information."

Floretta L. Leatherman, Route 1, Box 359B, Muskogee, OK 74401: Need any information on great-great-grandfather Steve Guthrie-Nees married to Anna NEAL 3rd July 1881. I have been told for years he was Cherokee but can find no records to document. He spoke the Indian language fluently. He left Prairie Grove, traveled through Tahlequah, OK and opened a trading post at Inola, OK Indian Territory. I found his brother's name Albert Nees in the Choctaw cemetery Record: Our People and Where They Lie. He was born in Mattoon, IL but I can't find him on the census records there. If anyone can help, I would appreicate it. Anna Neal was the daughter of William P. Neal.

Virgil Talbot, Route 4, Box 6, Colcord, OK 74338: Seeks information on or contact with descendants of Edwina Alice TALBOT who m. Fountain Pitt BISHOP on 6 April 1868 in Benton County, Arkansas. A son, James Bishop, was born. Believe she later m. Alexander (?) REED. It appears she later used her middle name Alice instead of Edwina. She was sister to my grandfather, George William Talbot. Any bit of information will be helpful and greatly appreciated.

Wallace Legette Hall, 1800 LTV Tower, Dallas, TX 75201: (1) Who were parents of Dr. William Legette KELLEAM? William born 16 October 1828 in Arkansas. 1850 census shows him in Cane Hill Twp., age 22 and living with the E.M. McClure family. He married #1 Margaret Frances SPENCER who died 12 April 1879 in Charleston, Franklin County, Arkansas. #2 wife was Mollie E. AYERS. Will exchange information. I have his family; interested only in proof of his parents and where they came from. (2) Who were parents of Pinkey H. MOBERLY who married Isaac P. SPENCER? Pinky was born ca 1808 in Kentucky (1850 census). 1880 census said she was born in South Carolina. Isaac Spencer family in Canehill Twp., Washington County, Arkansas in 1840 census. Will exchange. (3) Who were parents of Isaac P. SPENCER? Isaac born ca 1808 Kentucky. 1880 census gave born in Tennessee. Died 11 June 1884 in Yell County, Arkansas. Will exchange.

Vineta Wingate, 1817 Graham, Enid, OK 73701: I am trying to locate an old family Bible once belonging to Moses PEDEN of Barron County, Kentucky. In 1952 this Bible was in the possession of Minnye M. Harris, Route 4, Fayetteville, Arkansas. Miss Harris was never married nor had any children and was an older woman in 1952. I am sure Miss Harris is dead by now and more than likely buried there. I thought her obituary might give a relative who might know something. I believe she had an old trunk also once belonging to Moses Peden. These items would be very, very old as Moses Peden was born 1764 and died 1839. It might be possible that they were given to a museum or the University.

Mamie E. (Cox) Parker, 1412 S.W. 54 Street, Oklahoma City, OK 73119: Need name of parents of Elizabeth (WEBB) COX, date of her death and name of cemetery. She was the wife of Jacob Cox of Sullivan County, TN and Reiff Chapel community of Washington County, Arkansas. Also need date of death and name of cemetery of great-grandparents Andrew B. MARRS and wife, Winney (CARTER) MARRS of the Prairie Grove, AR area. Want to correspond with any living relative of Charley Cox and wife, Kate (BUCHANAN) Cox or their son, Emmett Cox and wife, Leona (BROWN) Cox.

Jean Wall, 14940 Venture Drive, Dallas, TX 75234 needs information on the WALKER, ALLEN and MAYFIELD families that were in Washington County, AR area in the 1830s and 1840s. Ancestor was James Allen Mayfield, b. ca 1836 Arkansas and in Gonzales County, Texas, by 1858 where he married Mrs. Elizabeth BOGGS in 1858. Those in Washington County were: James, Sutherland, William, and Jackson Mayfield. Her James A. Mayfield had a son Walker Allen Mayfield. She is looking for the parents of her J.A. Mayfield. On page 1 of *Flashback* dated February 1982 is a Jess Mayfield. Would like to hear from anyone descended from any of the above.

Mrs. Kay Hall, 1025 East Foothill Blvd., Glendora, CA 91740: Need information on Lilburn Henderson WILSON who married Rachel LEWIS 17 December 1846 in Washington County, Arkansas. He was the son of Henry and Nancy WILSON. Rachel was the daughter of Bracken LEWIS and Matilda PRESTON. Lilburn also known as Elere, Hen, or Selburn. Need information on Henry Wilson, b. ca 1801 in Virginia.

WILLIAM, PLEASANT AND JAMES

as told to Lloyd McConnell by Conrad Russell

The four Buchanan brothers came to west Washington County in 1827. Andrew and a friend stopped to rest at a large spring in what is now the Prairie Grove park. He decided that was where he wanted to live. His lands reached west to include the farms now owned by John Baggett. Leander Buchanan took up much land south of where Prairie Grove is located, as far as Center Point, including what was the John Mock plantation. Other brothers took lands south and west of there and on the hill where White Church was later built. As was the custom, many of the new settlers had slaves. These slaves, in time adopted the names of their masters.

Isaac Buchanan came later with Naomi and their children. He first settled along the flat land west of the Bud Kidd lake, then bought near White Church on land now owned by the Rutherfords. Isaac and Naomi had seven sons, Andrew, Thomas, Cyrus, James, William, Pleasant, and Alfred. Six of the sons served in the Confederate army.

Later in the Civil War, many bands of deserters, renegades, outlaws and other criminals rode over the country, stealing livestock, feed and food from the families, killing when it was necessary or desirable, and causing much hardship.

The Union Army under General Blunt had occupied Cane Hill which was located on the ridge where the cemetery is now located, while Boonsboro occupied the lands along the Jordan Creek and what is now Cane Hill. From the surrounding hills snipers kept a frequent fire on the outposts of the federal soldiers.

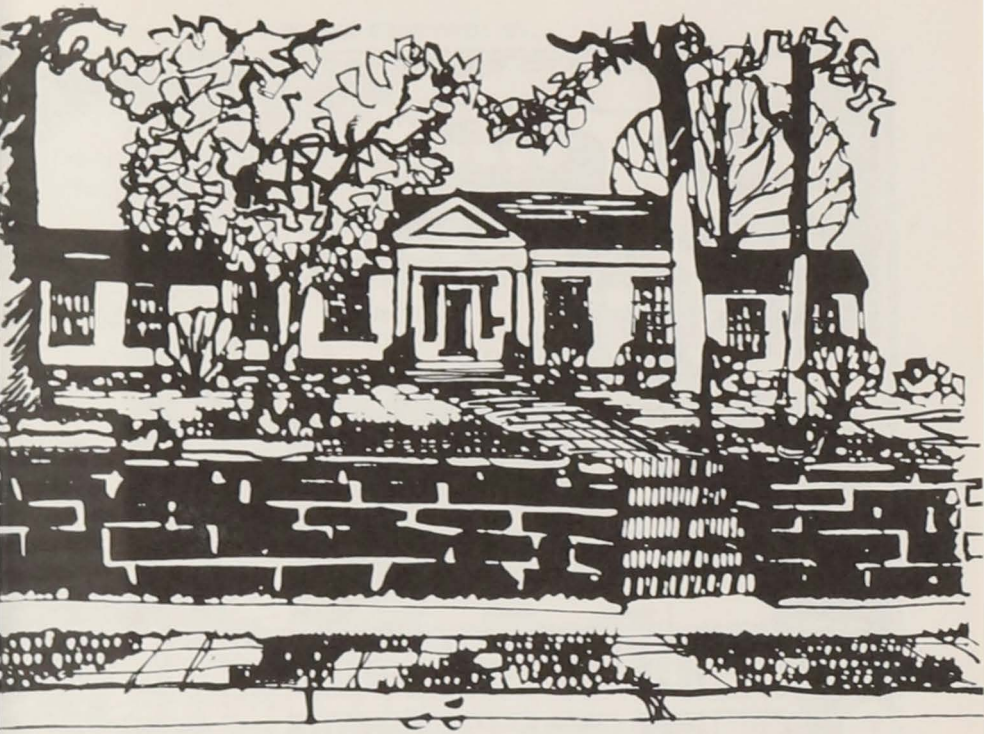
On February 21, 1864, three of the sons of Isaac and Naomi had slipped in for a short visit and a good meal with their family. It was while they were eating that the shooting broke out and William, James and Pleasant were killed. In the darkness, the family, aided by neighbors, loaded the bodies into oxcarts and hauled them to the cemetery on Cane Hill where they were buried in a single grave. A granite marker was later erected over the grave carrying the dates and the reminder: "Together in Christ they lived - Together in Christ they died."

Isaac himself was a victim of Pin Indians a few months later when they stopped at his farm to get some apples. While he went to the cellar to get the fruit for the friendly Indians, they shot him in the back.

Have always wondered why they called it a CIVIL War.

Too late to be included in Queries, Pages 20 and 21.

Paul W. Cherryhomes, 129 Gordon Drive, Azle, TX 76020: Looking for ancestors of J. (John) Henry GREGG. Came to Texas from Washington County, Arkansas, m. M. C. DOAK (Arkansas). J. Henry Gregg was in Texas by 1861. Searching for GREGG, WOODY, CHERRYHOMES.



FRONT VIEW OF HOUSE - 1980

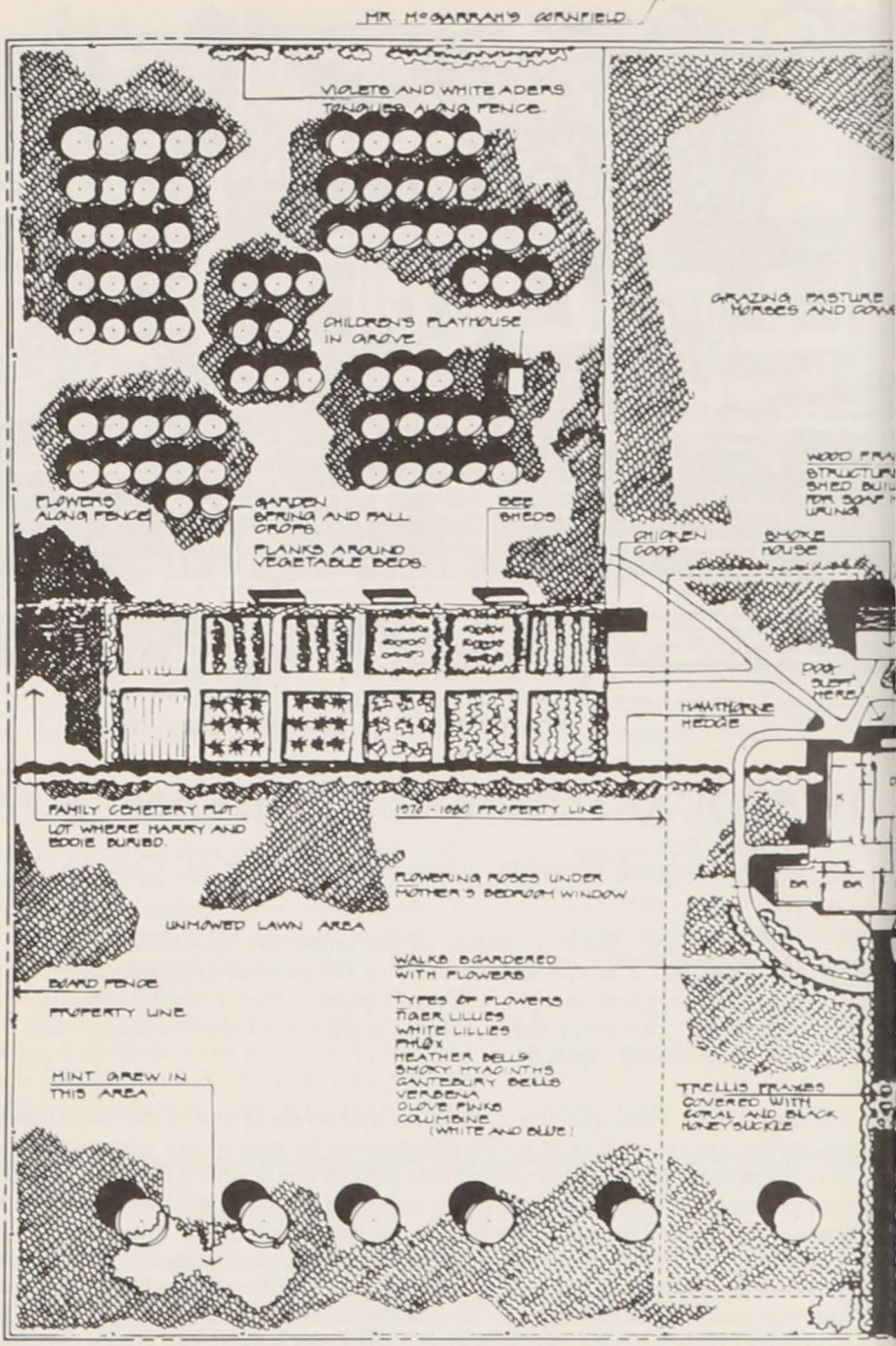
HEADQUARTERS HOUSE: THEN AND NOW

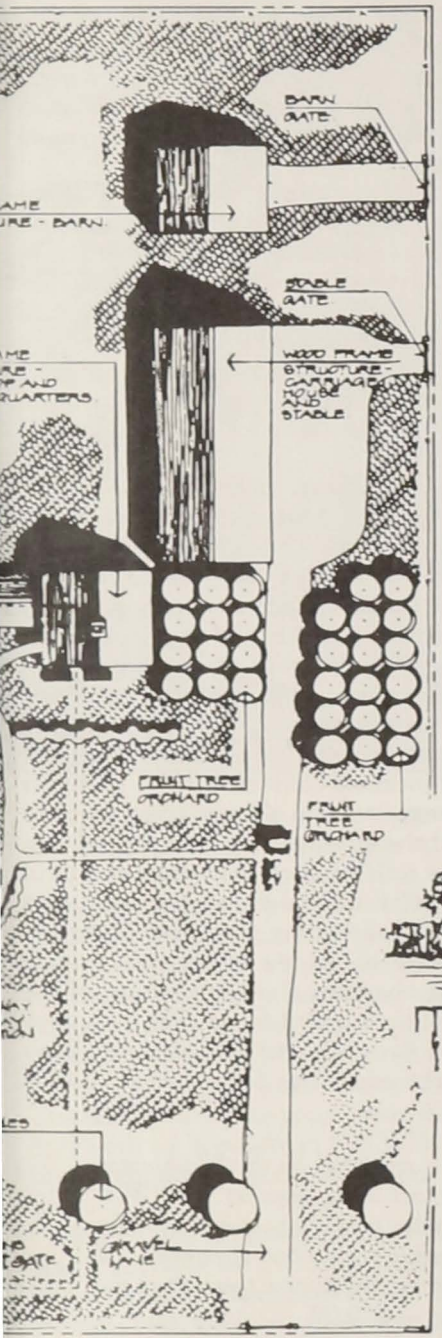
by Richard Sheridan, Illustration by Scott N. Collard

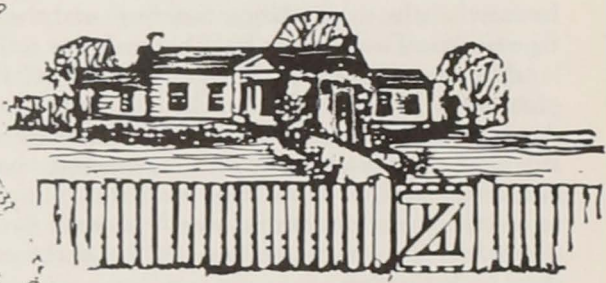
Editor's Note: While a student at the University of Arkansas, Mr. Sheridan did a comprehensive study of the grounds of Headquarters House as they were in 1855-1865 and compared them to the present surroundings. This study was funded by a grant from the Arkansas Arts and Humanities Council.

Built in 1853, Headquarters House in Fayetteville is one of the most famous houses in Arkansas. It is of major significance because it is a unique example of the architecture for its period in this part of the country. Since at different times during the Civil War both sides used the structure as their headquarters (hence the name Headquarters House), it also has historic importance.

While the house itself, furnished with authentic period pieces, is of interest to many people, the surrounding landscape should be of equal interest. It still has many traces of the original landscape treatment so typical of the Civil War era. The landscape elements that have been added, and those that have


MR. McGARRAH'S CORNFIELD
VIOLETS AND WHITE ADERS TWINING ALONG FENCE.
CHILDREN'S PLAYHOUSE IN GROVE.
GRAZING PASTURE HORSES AND COWS
FLOWERS ALONG FENCE
GARDEN SPRING AND FALL CROPS.
PLANKS AROUND VEGETABLE BEDS.
BEE HIVES
CHICKEN COOP
SMOKE HOUSE
HAWTHORNE HEDGE
FAMILY CEMETERY PLOT
LOT WHERE HARRY AND EDDIE BURIED.
1970 - 1980 PROPERTY LINE
FLOWERING BUSHES UNDER MOTHER'S BEDROOM WINDOW
UNMOWED LAWN AREA
WALKS BOARDERED WITH FLOWERS
BOARD FENCE
PROPERTY LINE
TYPES OF FLOWERS
TIGER LILLIES
WHITE LILLIES
PHLOX
HEATHER BELLS
SMOKY HYACINTHS
CANTERBURY BELLS
VERBENA
CLOVE PINKS
COLUMBINE (WHITE AND BLUE)
MINT GREW IN THIS AREA
TRELLIS FRAMES COVERED WITH CORAL AND BLACK HONEYSUCKLE





FRONT OF HOUSE
FROM STREET -
1855 - 1865

been removed, have been fairly well documented in Marian Tebbetts Banes' (occupant from 1853 to 1862) Journal and other sources. This historic documentation and on-site indications such as depressions and the arrangement of existing elements (trees, buildings, etc.) was interpreted by myself. The analysis led to a plan of what it might have been like. The 1855-1865 plan shows the various landscape components and their arrangment in proximity to the residence.

During the 1855-1865 period, the landscape context was vastly different from that of today. The residents of the area were spread out, thereby allowing landscape components such as gardens, stables, and orchards to be in direct relationship to each living quarter. Today the setting of Headquarters House is a different type of composition — a dense, single-family residential and commercial neighborhood. Portions of the original property have been sold at different times which, in turn, compacted the attached landscape. Now, in the 1970-1980 time period, the major landscape concept focuses on blending the dwelling with the landscape and providing for low maintenance planting.

The previously mentioned aspects of the landscaping are the major, and more obvious, variations during the two decades. More detailed changes occurred near the house. For example, the front entrance has been altered from the "pretty little flowered cottage entrance" to a more "naturalized setting". The treatment of the walkways is another example of detailed change, for in 1865 the walks encircled the house, allowing a clear view of the house as an architectural element floating in a bed of low herbaceous plant material. Today, the house is accessible by direct walkways to both the front and back door, and the landscape components are seen only as one travels along these direct routes. No longer is there a meandering walk that encompasses the residence or a feeling that you are allowed intimate contact with the humanly located plant materials in the yard. No longer are you allowed to explore the house visually, to see the outbuildings and the grounds from a variety of vantage points. The context has changed, not only in relation to the amount of land and types of activities, but to the maturity of the surrounding vegetation planted by Jonas Tebbetts. The once small maples are now very large and deteriorating. Nonetheless, they still create a canopy effect and varying shadow patterns over the entire property, changing the composition of the landscape significantly. The removal of a large board fence that once protected the yard and garden area from stray livestock and wild animals allows the property to be more "on view" and the edges less defined in 1970-1980 than in 1855-1865.

Note: Marian Tebbetts Banes' Journal, reprinted by the Washington County Historical Society in a hard-bound book, together with W.S. Campbell's ***100 Years of Fayetteville****, is once again available for purchase. The new supply was discovered in the process of moving and settling the Tom Feathers' Memorial Library in its new quarters in the Old County Jail. The price is the same — $10.00.*

MAUD DUNLAP DUNCAN

Indomitable Citizen of Winslow, Ark.

by Robert G. Winn

A neglected grave in the overgrown St. Stephens Cemetery on a hill-side in the south part of Winslow marks the last resting place of one of the most widely acclaimed citizens of the little town. The inscription on the small headstone reads simply: Maud Duncan, b. Oct. 22, 1873, d. Jan. 21, 1958.

Much has been written and more spoken about the personal achievements and contributions of this exceptional person. Almost nothing has been recorded about the heartaches, tragedies and heavy burdens carried by this petite lady throughout her lifetime. Left an orphan at an early age, she was raised by her father's brother and his wife. They also adopted a boy, cousin to Maud. Few people knew that the two children were not brother and sister. The education of the young lady was completed before the family moved from Ft. Smith to Winslow in 1887. The first record of Maud's activities was that she taught school in the one-room log house known as Mt. Pleasant, south of town.

On Feb. 26, 1894, the 20-year-old Maud was married to H. G. Pearce, a telegraph operator for the Frisco Railroad in Winslow. To the couple were born two daughters. Helen, born Feb. 22, 1895, died Sept. 11, 1903. Virginia, the second child, lived less than two years although to date no records have been found of the dates of her birth and death. She is known to have been born

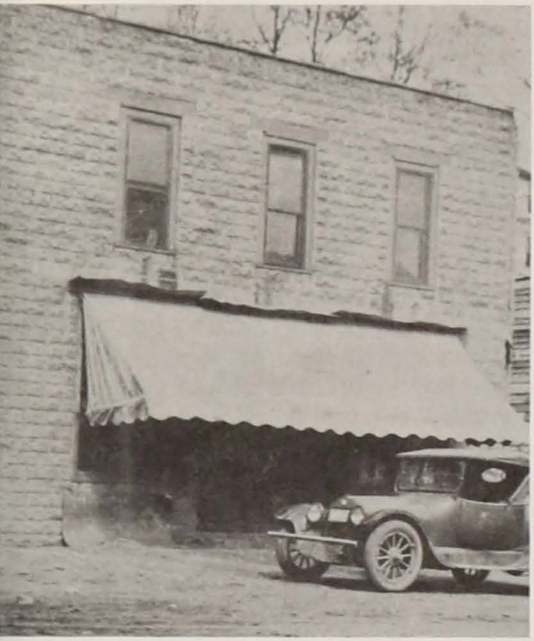
after Helen and to have lived a shorter time. Not long after the death of Virginia, the husband disappeared. He returned for Helen's funeral. Otherwise he was never again seen in the town. Apparently the couple obtained a divorce soon after the husband disappeared and both children died, because Maud reverted to the use of her maiden name, Dunlap.

Maud Dunlap and Dr. T. E. Gray in 1905

In 1905 she became engaged to a young doctor, T. E. Gray, who had established a practice in Winslow. A friend and neighbor, Mrs. J. A. Winn, hand-sewed the wedding gown, and preparations were made for a joyous ceremony. That ceremony never took place. No one ever knew why the engagement was broken; but judging by events that later came to light, the assumption was that the young doctor wanted to take his bride to a home of their own where they could live independently of the foster parents. Such was the domination of the foster mother that this move was not permitted, and the prospective bridegroom found another bride with whom to establish his home.

The June 1908 issue of "The Winslow Mirror" (a short-lived newspaper) reported "On the morning of June the third, at St. Stephens Episcopal Church, Miss Maud Dunlap became the bride of Mr. Gilbert Nelson Duncan." Mr. Duncan was an energetic newspaper man and soon purchased the monthly publication "The Winslow Mirror," and changed the name to "The Winslow American." The first weekly issue came off the press on Friday, September 4, 1908, and continued without interruption until the frail widow of G. N. Duncan put out the last copy in the early 1950s.

From her foster father, Maud learned pharmacy and became the first woman pharmacist in Arkansas. Later in the year of their marriage, the Duncan's built a two-story stone building on the east side of Winslow. The first floor housed the pharmacy and gift shop. On the second floor, the newspaper



The Duncan drug store in 1920. Erected in Winslow in 1908, the first floor housed the pharmacy and gift shop. **The Winslow American** *was printed on the second floor. On the second floor, also, was the first lending library in town and the couple's living quarters until the death of Mr. Duncan in 1918.*

The automobile in front of the drug store belonged to Dr. T. E. Gray.

was published, and on this upper floor the couple established the first lending library in town. This period of married happiness was of short duration — a little more than ten years. Both husband and wife exerted tireless effort and much time to the war effort during World War I. The husband was not to live to realize the fruits of victory. He died after a brief illness early on the morning of that famous day — the eleventh hour of the eleventh day of the eleventh month in 1918 when the Armistice was signed, ending the conflict. The day that was filled with rejoicing for most Americans was a day clouded with grief for the stalwart young pharmacist who earlier that morning was left a widow. She never remarried.

Alone, she attempted to operate the drug store and to publish the paper. For a time she had the help of a young man of the town who also became a pharmacist, but he moved away and again she was alone in her business endeavors. Years later, the young man, Dick Page, returned to his home town and purchased the drug store from the little woman whose health by then was failing so that she could no longer carry on the business. Too much of an idealist, and too generous a philanthropist, she was not a practical business woman in regard to money matters. The dwindling business in the drug store was revitalized by the young Dick Page. But the newspaper was also dwindling in size and content. From a fair-sized weekly of four pages, it became little more than a news bulletin printed on a single 8½x11" sheet.

The family fortunes suffered after the demise of her foster parents. Dr. Dunlap had drawn a small Confederate pension from the state of Arkansas for his services as a doctor in the Civil War. His widow continued to draw a lesser amount until her death. After that time Maud existed on a pittance. No

form of assistance had been established by the government and there were many days when the cupboard was completely bare. People were sympathetic, but sympathy cannot appease the pangs of hunger. Never weighing more than one hundred pounds at the most, this frail lady was reduced to no more than seventy pounds.

Yet she continued to print the little paper. After the stone building housing the drugstore and printing office was destroyed by fire, a smaller press was purchased and set up in a flimsy frame building that was like an ice house in winter. It consisted of one large room which was not even ceiled. Here the cold, numbed fingers set the hand type and published the paper. She had barely enough strength in her frail body to operate the press, yet the paper came out, at irregular intervals in the last years. Too poor to buy wood to heat her house, and too frail to weild an ax, she often was seen with a small hatchet trying to cut enough brush to build a fire. More than once she was found unconscious by the roadside where she had fallen from complete exhaustion.

The real estate holdings of the family were heavily mortgaged, and finally most were lost to creditors. In spite of all adversities, the proud head never bowed. Offers of assistance were politely refused. What could friends and neighbors do? Like many other proud Americans she preferred hunger and privation to accepting charity. Upon occasions when she was invited to dine in the homes of neighbors, her hunger betrayed her and she ate as if famished. Care must be exercised in extending these invitations. As friend and neighbor, they were graciously accepted. Had they hinted of charity, they would have been just as graciously declined.

Always soft-spoken, the voice was filled with kindness. Every syllable revealed a lady of refinement. The expression was never of ill will, nor resentment, nor self pity. The wistful smile betrayed an inner loneliness. The deep gray eyes glowed with personal power. They never sparkled with lighthearted merriment, though one could imagine their twinkling with amusement or delight in lighter moments of youth. The hair was always the same, fashioned in an individual coiffure, the dress the same pattern — a long skirt even after the fashion of shorter skirts became the vogue, a simple band around the waist, the entire dress of the same plain material. A person of her strength of intellect and bearing was impervious to the whims of fashion in dress. People were impressed with the face and the character written there, and not with the material attire.

Always active in civic matters, she showed a special interest in the affairs of the town when the Nineteenth Amendment became the law of the land in 1920, giving women the right to vote. In 1925 she ran for mayor with a full slate of women candidates for the Council. Somewhat tongue-in-cheek, the men supported her candidacy and Winslow became the first town in the nation to have an all-woman government. It became known as the "Petticoat Government" and attracted nationwide publicity. After two terms of credible service, the ladies quietly abdicated and did not run for office again.

In 1956, the frail body racked by poor health and encroaching age and burdened with the responsibilities of insurmountable debts, began to fail.

Fantasies of the past became more dominant than the realities of the present. Neighbors arranged for her to be admitted to a retirement home in Fayetteville where she received warmth and needed care during her last days. When acquaintances called to visit, they were always greeted with the same warm smile and soft pleasant voice, a gracious show of welcome. She would make gestures of recognition, but visitors observed that she seldom called them by name. Perhaps the visiting faces blended into one composite recollection of the town and its people who were her whole life and to whom she had given such full measure of love and devotion.

This is the last picture of Maud Dunlap Duncan on her 84th birthday, Oct. 22, 1957 in the retirement home in Fayetteville where she died the following January 21, 1958. Sitting beside her on the arm of the chair is her nephew, James Dunlap, son of her foster brother, J. P. and his wife Florence Young Dunlap. James is now deceased; he left no heirs.

When the time came, she was honored in the tiny Episcopal church that she had helped establish and to which she had contributed so much. Then she was laid to rest in the wooded cemetery on the hillside, beside the bodies of her husband and the two small children she had borne. None of the relatives of this entire family are alive today. With the passing of this indomitable little woman, a most illustrious chapter in the history of Winslow was closed.

Any old letters or manuscripts hidden in your attic?
Submit them to *FLASHBACK.*

THE OBENCHAINS IN ARKANSAS
Part I — Viney Grove

This material was prepared by Ora Obenchain (born August 28, 1866), a school teacher and later a principal in Oklahoma, one of the first graduates from the University of Arkansas. She was losing her sight and dictated much of the latter part of the story to a niece, Maude, after she was totally blind. The Society received the material through the courtesy of another niece, Mrs. Patrick (Dorothy) Matthews, daughter of the late Senator Claude Fuller of Eureka Springs. She now lives in Washington, D.C. — Kay Brumfield.

Editors' Note: The early part of the story which we have not included gives the family history and genealogy of Mary Catherine Graybill who married Jacob Beckner Obenchain on February 17, 1859, and went with him from their home in Virginia to Sulphur Springs, Texas, where three of their children were born and from where Jacob went to serve in the Civil War. Following the war, the family suffered so severely from malarial fever that the decision was made to abandon home and business and move to Missouri.

One day Father came in and said, "I've been offered my price for the home." Mother said, "Take it, take it."

Preparations began to leave Texas and go to Missouri. There were no trains so we had to travel by wagon or buggy, camping on the way. There were also the two little trunks they had brought from Virginia. In these the valuables and better things were packed. There was another chest not quite so long but a bit wider and deeper in which food was stored. The big leather valise held articles needed for the trip. Then there was Father's tool chest.

The yokes for the oxen, the tent poles, the bows for the wagon, the big tent and the sheet for the wagon all had to be made.

There were three yoke of oxen, six being oxen to pull the big wagon. Tom or Dick Connelly was to have charge of them and drive them. Everything was put in the big wagon, the big spinning wheel, flax spinning wheel, and all except the trundle bed and the bees. The food chest was placed to the front so it could be taken out when we camped. The bedding for camping (was placed) on top of the other things. The family was to ride in the buggy.

The thousand dollars received for the home was in gold. It was a sad time for all when the goodbyes had to be said. We left Texas in November, a bad time to start north.

One morning just as we were preparing to break camp three men rode up and began to ask questions. They noticed the big jar of honey and asked if they could have some. Mother gave them some honey and bread and they went on their way. Father and Mother were suspicious and afraid they might be robbers, so when we were ready to go we took another road and not the

one that Father had told them we would take. Perhaps Mother's kindness saved us from being robbed, for we never saw them again.

In Indian Territory we saw many prairie chickens. Somebody caught one and gave it to me to play with.

Editor's Note:
There is a break in the manuscript here and it continues as follows.

stopped at an Indian home and they let us have some rooms they were not using. We stayed there two or three days to rest up and rest the oxen.

They were crazy about the children because we had light hair and Mother was afraid they might steal Ettis. They had just butchered and they gave us fresh meat. They took us into their kitchen and roasted nuts on the front of the stove.

As we continued our journey, it grew too cold for us to ride in the buggy, so we crawled into the big wagon and wrapped up in the bedclothes. We stopped in Fort Smith and while there went through the Fort used in the war. We were now in Arkansas. We journeyed on, crossing the Boston Mountains and on and on farther North. It grew colder and by the time we reached Viney Grove it was snowing. The oxen were not used to snow and it was difficult traveling. When we had gone about a mile or two from Viney Grove we came to a home where there was a vacant log cabin. Mrs. Allen and her daughter lived in the home, and Father persuaded Mrs. Allen to let us camp in the cabin. It had been a slave cabin but it was a welcome refuge to us. The Allens were very kind. There was a son but he wasn't home yet. One morning a flock of wild turkeys were seen in the trees near the cabin. While Father was getting the gun ready to shoot, it suddenly went off and just missed Ettis lying on the bed.

As it was too cold and snowy to travel any more, Father began looking for a place to live. He found a man who had a small farm on the side of the mountain about a mile from Allen's and everyone else. The man wanted to go to Texas so was glad to trade his place for the wagon and the oxen.

The place had a big spring and a small house with a big fireplace, in the middle of the field. We moved in and the man started his journey to Texas. It must have been Christmastime because Mother made arrangements for Santa Claus' coming. I guess our stockings were all dirty for there had been no chance to do much washing, so Mother made each of us a bag to hang up by the big fireplace. Christmas morning we found an orange, an apple and some candy in our bags. An orange was a rare treat for it was not easy to get oranges then.

There was a barn and a fenced-in barn farther down the hill, outside the field, with a spring house below the spring. Father didn't want the house in the middle of the field, so he laid a foundation on the other side of the spring and a little farther up the mountain, and the house was moved. There was one big room with a large fireplace, and one smaller room. We lived in these until Father got the kitchen and another room built.

Mother cooked by the fireplace until the oak stove was put up in the kitchen. It was truly up in the wilds of a mountain. Flocks of wild turkeys would

roost in the trees on the mountainside above the house, and possums were plentiful. Snakes that crawled through the yard at night left tracks as big as those made by wagon wheels. One night as Father rode home a panther tried to jump on his horse.

In January of 1871 Mother had a great sorrow when her Father, Christian Graybill, died. He had been born in 1807.

When spring came there were lots of snail shells scattered over the place. Jennie Allen asked me to get her a quart of them. When she came to get them she brought me a quart of big ripe cherries and a rag doll with long silk fringe for hair and a wool dress made with waist joined to skirt with a tiny belt. It was a treasure to me. Father didn't believe in toys, so we had no dolls. We built playhouses and used broken china and acorn cups for dishes.

There was a sugar cane patch. When it was ready to harvest, the blades had to be pulled off the stalks. Zelah and I had to strip them off and tie them in bundles for fodder. The stalks were cut and crushed in a mill and the juice pressed out, then it was boiled and made into molasses.

Autumn came and there were black haws, persimmons, chinquapins, acorns, and nuts in the woods for us to eat. Trees had to be chopped down and cut up for wood for winter. Once, when Father cut down a tree, it bounced back and broke his leg. The doctor came and dressed the leg, then Mother took care of Father till he could use his leg. Soon he sat up in a chair with his leg stretched out on another chair. He cut quilt pieces and Mother put each square together and tacked it. Mother and Zelah had to feed the stock, do the other outdoor work besides taking care of Father and getting the meals. As soon as he was able to hobble around he made things for the house. among them, a big safe to hold dishes and the food. The dishes in the upper part and the food in the lower part. There were two drawers, not quite half-way to the top for linens and silverware. In the lower side of the safe two tins were placed. The tins had tiny holes to let air in for the food. Father used the design on the glass sugar bowl, cream pitcher and spoon holder. He drew the design on the tin and punched holes to make the design. The safe is still in use in my home.

For our suppers we had mush and milk, bread and milk or rivol soup. The children liked the rivol soup best of all. After supper we would sit by the fire and sometimes father would pop corn — a whole dishpan full. We had no popper, but popped it in a big skillet that had legs and cover. If there was enough left over, mother would use molasses and make popcorn balls the next day.

Our underwear was a low-necked waist, made of unbleached muslin, and panties of the same material that buttoned on to it. We wore lined linzy dresses and long sleeved aprons over this dress in winter. We wore wool stockings and heavy brass-toed shoes in winter. Under our dresses we wore flannel petticoats. The skirt part was flannel, but the low-necked waist was cotton material, all buttoned up the back. When our shoe soles wore out Father put new soles on them. He had wooden lasts and wooden pegs, and all the tools needed. When it was rainy and our shoes got wet, Father greased them with tallow. He rubbed it in good so there

was no grease to rub off and they were soft. We used buckskin shoe strings. Father had a buckskin hide and he cut the strings.

In summer we went barefooted and just our panties and waist and a calico dress. If we went visiting or to church we put on some knit cotton stockings and our shoes, also a cotton petticoat under our cotton dress. In winter we wore neubies on our heads. These were long knit scarfs that went around the head and tied. In summer we wore bonnets to keep the freckles off.

About a mile down at the foot of the mountain lived our closest neighbor, a Mr. Goddard and wife, and not far from them lived a married son. They lived there during the war and suffered from the bushwhackers as all Arkansas people did. They held his feet in the fire and burned them, and one time took Mr. Goddard out to hang him. They were trying to make him tell about any money he may have had. The Goddards were good neighbors and helped us out a lot.

Artis Obenchain was born December 23, 1872. Father got a woman to come and take care of mother and the baby and to do the work.

It was cold weather so we would undress by the fire, put on our cap and gown and run for our bed. The cap was made of unbleached muslin, just a straight piece to fit the head and gathered in the crown, with strings to tie under the chin.

Springs for beds were not known then. We slept on straw-filled ticks. When the bed got dirty the straw was emptied out, ticks washed and new straw put in. A sheet was spread over the straw bed, the cover was a homemade blanket and plenty of quilts. Mother had linen bed ticks she had brought for her home. When the linen towels wore out, she cut up the bed ticks for towels and used cotton ticking on the beds.

Father purchased wool rolls ready for spinning. Mother spun them and made them into thread for knitting. Mother would knit stockings after supper until bedtime. She taught me how to knit my own stockings, except I couldn't heel and toe them. Zelah made the beds and cleaned up the rooms, and I helped mother in the kitchen. I churned when I had to stand on a little chair to reach the dasher.

Artis wasn't a very good baby — had to be rocked to keep him asleep. That was my work. I could sit in my little chair and rock it with my foot. Part of the time I would knit and part of the time I sewed rag dolls.

Mother had the only sewing machine in that part of the county. The neighbors, coming one at a time, would bring their garments ready for stitching and baste for Mother to get her to do their stitching. They usually spent the afternoon. Mother had much sewing to do for there were no ready-to-wear clothes in the stores.

Father wore unbleached muslin shirts for every day and stiff-bosomed bleached shirts for dress up. He wore long drawers reaching to his ankles and cut or shaped to fit snugly.

There were waists and drawers for us, and chemises and drawers for Mother and Zelah. Father bought unbleached muslin by the bolt. There were gowns and caps to be made also. Our summer petticoats were made of bleached muslin.

A little way from the house there was a sugar maple grove. Father tapped (bored holes in them) the trees and put in spigots. The sap ran out of these tubes into buckets. Every morning I gathered up the sap. Mother boiled and skimmed and made maple syrup. Sometimes she made maple sugar. If it boiled too much it made rock candy. We were glad when it turned to rock candy.

Ann Crawford was a little girl who came with her mother to visit us. She always wanted some of the rock candy, and she always wanted to wear my things. I had a green quilted bonnet that was my pride, and I hid that so she wouldn't wear it. Father made us a good-sized sled. One evening Zelah and I were hauling wood on it, Zelah pulling and I pushing. As we started up a hill she gave a sudden jerk and I fell on the sled, knocking a tooth loose. I wouldn't let anyone touch it. In a day or two we visited Goddards', and Mr. Goddard persuaded me to let him pull it. After that when a tooth got loose, I went to Mr. Goddard.

Mother never allowed us to have pins, so when she saw a pin she wanted to know where I got it. I told her I picked it up on Mrs. Goddard's floor. She said, "That does not belong to you. You just put on your bonnet and take it to Mrs. Goddard." Just about the time I was about to cross the branch, I saw a snake swimming in the water. It was checkered and spotted yellow, orange and red, had a rather broad head and wasn't very long. So I went farther downstream and crossed over. A mile was a long way to take back a pin, but that was a lesson in honesty.

Father built a pit to trap wild turkeys. It was about six feet square and had a cover built over it. One side of the pit slanted so turkeys could walk down in, and corn was scattered on this slant to get them in. They did not know to go back up the incline to get out so they were trapped. Sometimes several would be in the pen. Mother had a coop with an old hen and little turkeys in the backyard. Once when she had opened the coop enough for the little turkeys to run out, she found Ettis sitting by the coop catching the little ones as they came out and squeezing them to death. He had killed several.

Another time, she had a turkey hen with little turkeys down in one corner of the barn, and she heard a commotion down there. She grabbed the lantern and ran to the barn. A huge snake had scared the turkeys and the little turkeys were scattered. Father shot the snake. They found three or four little turkeys down by the branch where the snake had tried to swallow them but couldn't.

Father bought a piece of ground. It was new ground, not far east of Goddards'. Some of the trees were split into rails to build fences and some were hewn and notched to build the log cabin. Father got things all ready for the house. With the foundation built, he had a house-raising. All the neighbors came to assist and put up the logs. The women prepared the dinner. Rafters, sheeting and shingles were ready. The shingles were made by hand and were longer than present day shingles. The doors and windows had to be sawed out and the floors laid. The cracks had to be chinked. They used wedge-shaped blocks of wood and plastered them in with clay. There were many things to be done yet, but in a short time it was a comfortable two-room log house with a big fireplace and a flue for the kitchen. We never lived on the

place. I suppose Father rented it to a sharecropper.

Uncle John Mays was a Baptist preacher who came out there from Fayetteville and preached at different places. He was no relation to anyone out there, and was not an old man, but everyone called him Uncle Johnny Mays. Father helped him to organize a Baptist Church at Viney Grove and later one at Walnut Grove.

One Sunday they were to have an all-day service at Walnut Grove. Mother baked pies, cakes, bread and cooked other things on Saturday for the dinner to be served on the ground that Sunday. We all got up early Sunday morning and Mother got us all dressed in our Sunday clothes. Ettis had his first pants which were made of linen and came down to his ankles and tied there. The waist was of the same material, with the pants buttoned to it. Father got the wagon ready and food and all were put in and we went to Walnut Grove. After the meeting, Mother was a tired woman and ready to go home, but Father wanted to stay for the night meeting. When it was time to go home, four sleepy children had to be put in the wagon and when we got home, four sleepy children had to be put to bed. Ettis was so proud of his long pants he hid under the bed to keep from pulling them off.

Zelah and I went to school at Viney Grove. We went through the woods north of the barn for this shortened the distance. We had to cross Illinois Creek. There was a big trough to walk across on, but sometimes it would wash away. Then Zelah would take me on her back and wade across while I carried the lunch and her shoes and stockings. One morning Zelah had just started to put her shoes and stockings on when Ed Allen came along. She quickly covered her feet with her dress until he went on, for no half-grown girl or woman would let a man see her bare feet and legs those days.

The Jennings boys went to school at Viney Grove, too. One of them liked me very much, so as he went along a little ahead of us he would drop a big red apple for me to pick up. He was too bashful to give it to me.

Miss Mary Mitchell was my teacher and I had to learn to say the ABCs forward and backward.

One morning as we went through the woods, shot fell all around us. That evening when we got home, we found our three cows and our faithful old dog John shot to death on the side of the mountain above the field. The rest of the family had been away from home that day.

A female dog with her pups had been under Mr. Goddard's barn and he couldn't get her out, so he had asked Father to shoot the dog. The dog apparently had belonged to a member of the family who lived west of Goddards, and in retaliation the dog's owner killed our cows and dog. We had no proof, but circumstances proved the fact. He left the country and was never seen there any more.

After that happened, Mother didn't want to live on the mountainside so far away from everyone, as Father often went to Fayetteville to do carpenter work. So Father rented a place from Mr. Morton. It adjoined Mr. Morton's fields and was not far from Father's place down on the road. It had an orchard on it, and a garden spot. There was a big two-room log house and a large log kitchen about nine feet from the house. In the house was a big

fireplace, and in the yard was a well with a sweep.

Sometimes Indians would come peddling baskets. They wanted clothes or food for them. Mother was afraid, but she would trade with them to get them to go. She always made us children stay in the house. The Indians didn't speak our language, but would indicate by signs how many baskets they would give for a garment we had outgrown. They liked my green quilted bonnet and gave two baskets for it. I have those baskets yet. The baskets were made or woven out of peeled willow. Some of them were colored, and the Indians were expert weavers.

When Father worked on the courthouse in Tahlequah, Indian Territory, he was gone several weeks.

Zelah went to school at Walnut Grove. Will and Annie Wagner who were among the first graduates of the University of Arkansas went to school there, as did some members of the Duncan family who lived near the creek. Will Morton was a schoolmate, too.

One evening Father was setting out sweet potato plants. He dug the holes, and I dropped in the plants, then carried water to them. That night came a blizzard and it snowed. I think it was in May of 1874. Mother had peas big enough to eat. *The Obenchains in Arkansas — Part 2 — Fayetteville will appear in November.*

Among the Cherokees, mostly full-bloods who favored the Union, there were many members of a secret organization or lodge called the Keetoowah. Members of the Keetoowah had long favored the abolition of slavery, and were opposed to Colonel Stand Watie's party. They could be identified by the lodge insignia of crossed pins which they wore on the left lapel of their coats. Hence, "Pin" Indians or "Cherokee Pins". Most Union Cherokees were organized into the Third Regiment of Indian Home Guards Brigade, but "Pins" were usually assigned to scouting or foraging parties. They frequently made raids or foraging expeditions into Arkansas, and, being of Union persuasion, took what they needed from whomever they pleased, at riflepoint, if necessary.

From: *A HISTORY OF SUMMERS COMMUNITY*
by Zella Cann and Eugene Gibson, Fayetteville

BILL CUSH'S TREK TO TEXAS - Part 3

by Pat Donat

Thursday, 20th November

Got ready to start once more. Just as we were getting off it was discovered that Richard Martin, a most trifling puppy was out, lost perhaps. We had to wait about two hours for him before he came in. He isn't worth the delay.

Crossed the Stone Fort Creek. Kept up it. The country on this side is as beautiful as on the other. Recrossed the river to the side we had left. After going perhaps ten miles we encamped. Just as I got off my mule Lynch told me Pierce had found a bee tree. All were glad. He went out to cut it. The tree was a large dead elm; it took a long time with the hardest work to cut it down. When it fell a coon jumped out. This was all we got. Miller went back and got his gun and shot it. By the powers we'll eat him!

We have made our last step towards sunset. Tomorrow our course will be toward the sunrise.

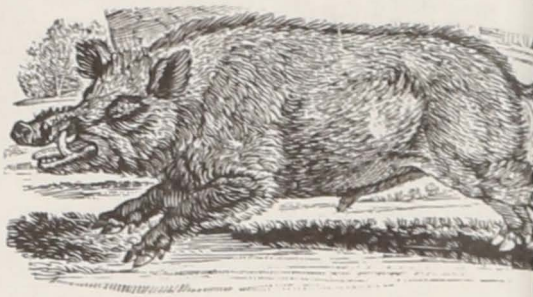
Thank Heaven for it! I have been going against my will for several days. I have been debilitated but am sound again.

Friends! In the course of two months I will see you. I am here dead to the world and the world to me. I fancy a show and things that are going on in it and as often undo these fancies. Our president may be dead — Queen Victoria may be dead — this would not grieve me as the loss of my poorest friend. Are any of the little girls dead about Van Buren? Are any of the older ones married? How's Major Reotor? How is Maj. Dillard? And their families? Farewell to the prairie beyond me. I draw my eyes over them and see the dim line of the horizon alone — fancy paints beyond the blue mountains of California far, far away. In a little while I will see the sunset no more in the grass, nor the moonrise from it. With Dr. McGee's good tobacco and Miller's fat coon I can happily pass the time away till ten or eleven o'clock and then I don't care a cropper.

P.S. A Kickapoo came in and claimed May's mule. Two Commanches passed us on our way this morning.

How I wish Washbourne (J. W. Washbourne who was editor of the Van Buren Intelligencer and later married Susan Ridge, daughter of Sarah and John Ridge) was here as I have a thousand times. McKinney ought to be here, too. He thought we had a dreadful time when we were hunting and had plenty of bacon, flour, bread, salt, coffee, whiskey, etc. What would he think if he were with us now with nothing so good as coons and pecans?

Friday, 21st November



Wonders never will cease, they say. Holt's mess found a bee tree yesterday and killed two wild hogs. Jim Fallen gave me one of their skins.

But what was the climax of our whole expedition — I mean of every adventure or event in it, was Miller's catching a turkey late in the night. He caught it with his hands!

Something, an owl perhaps, had disturbed a flock and they were flying and lighting on the ground in different places. Pierce happened to be out at the time and squatted down, just as one lit near him. He was on the side of a hill some fifteen steps from camp. The turkey trotted by him at about four or five feet distant, on the lower side of the hill and Pierce made a bound like a tiger right on the back of it, grabbing it as he jumped and going like a shot out of a cannon down the hill.

We ate the turkey for breakfast. With it, the coon and some of the wild pork Holt gave us — we had an uncommon good meal. Such variety could not be found elsewhere at least not easily.

Holt and McDaniel continued up the stream but all the rest of the mess pressed downward to the south over the hills. Now we are once more on the road towards civilization. Some Kickapoos came to us today and we traded them some powder for buckskins and money. Some few wild chaps have been seen flying about, one fellow was going on as if he were scared — I hope he may continue so.

We are encamped near a lake. If I had time I would take a drawing of it. Perhaps I may in the morning.

Well as I was speculating last night about what might be going on (in) the world, I have thought perhaps that Walker has got a child by this time. Can any of you answer me at home?

I'm filling up my journal too fast. No more of these imaginings. But I must note that we have had a most horrible way today, over the hardest and roughest rocks I ever laid my eyes on.

Saturday, November 22

We are not near a lake, it is Cedar Creek we are on. One o'clock. We came

only eight or ten miles today. Miserable range for our horses. Provisions would have been scarce if Ben Mush had not killed a deer. My mule ran away with me and threw me. Hurt me very much.

Sunday, 23rd November

Went on to the San Saba. It is about fifteen or twenty miles from Cedar Creek. After we had struck camp I went a-hunting. In coming down to the river I killed a wild hog. It was very fat. We had fine living of course.

Monday, 24th November

Laid by today. I hunted but killed nothing. Gathered pecans in the morning with Peter May and in the evening with Martin.

Tuesday, 25th November

Started again — down the San Saba. I never saw a stream so swift before. From the highest point where I saw it, the water was rushing over rocks as it does over the shoals of Frog Bayou at Mulberry. It continues to yet. No craft of any kind can navigate it — not even a canoe.

Guess killed a bear today. This was a godsend. He divided it like a gentleman, which is more than any of his mess would have done except Dave. Calvin stood by with a bag to get the fat, but Harry didn't need him — he divided it all equally.

At night there came the coldest north wind I ever felt. I was lying awake at the time and the first gust I am certain went entirely through me.

Wednesday, 26th November

Cold, bitter cold! This is the sunny south with a vengeance. Came about fourteen miles today, maybe not as far. We are not at the Colorado yet.

Thursday, 27th November

Buzzard came in this morning with a piece of lariat from off my mule's neck — my pack mule. Soon afterwards some one informed me that it had choked itself to death last night.

In a streak of bad luck, certain.

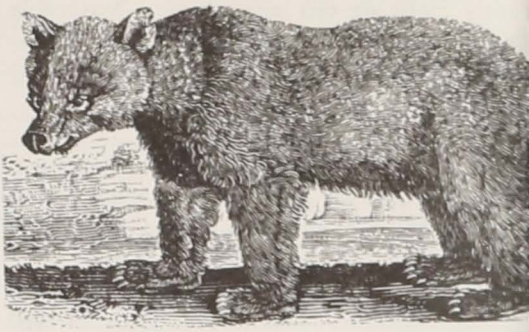
Went up to my mule with Lynch and some six or seven of us tried to raise him (the mule) but we could not. Started and travelled only a mile or so and encamped on the banks of the same stream. Miller, Lynch, Dr. Thompson and myself went up to a grape tree and stuffed ourselves. These grapes are the largest I ever saw. The English, or whatever you please, are not near as big. They are about the size of large muscadine.

Friday, 28th November

Travelled but a short distance today till we came to the Colorado. Sent persons above and below to search for a ford. Guess got back first having found

one but a short distance down.

Encamped after crossing the river and going down it a mile or two. Pierce Miller and myself fished. Miller caught a large cat. Jim Starr Stutter killed a cub. Also the thief, Calvin, killed one.



Saturday, 29th November

Bade farewell to the Colorado and struck across the mountains for the Brazos. Stopped for some purpose, I think to build a fire for Jack Starr who had the ague. Whilst there a drove of buffaloes ran over the hill directly towards us. Guess shot one down. All the rest of those who fired, and there were a good many, missed.

Continued on for a few miles. Stopped on the side of a hill, the coldest place I ever saw.

Sunday, 30th November

Laid by today — never was there a colder day. My eyes were smoked out and smoked in again about a hundred times.

Monday, 1st day of December 1845

Travelled about twenty miles. The day has been chilling cold. It seems as if my blood had turned to ice. Saw plenty of buffalo but I was too cold to try to kill any. Camped down a branch below a burn. Bad range for horses.

Tuesday, 2nd December

Guess struck off in the right direction, as he thought. The day has been foggy and drizzly. Came to a branch and camped.

Wednesday, 3rd December

The sun rose in the west this morning. At least, we all thought so. Everybody was lost. But we struck off and made a fine day's travel. Dr. Thompson's mule took a stampede and detained us for an hour or more. We have camped too close to Bell's camp tonight.

Thursday, 4th December

Got a very early start and made a better day's travel than yesterday. Got to what Guess (may be Tea-sch) calls Cow Creek. John Adair went back with Tic-a-tinka for Lynch's lost mule. The negro walked.

Friday, 5th December

Laid by, provisions scarce. Ben Musch killed three turkies. Dysentery con-

tinues. About an hour before sunset Holt's and McDaniel's company got up. They had lost two men, Breedlove and Sam Harlan. Jim Fallen left them at Austin. He is a venturesome chap. We are all glad these men have got up for we will not be delayed. ----alone, I suppose, is the only man dissatisfied. They have killed a great many deer on their trip over. Holt has a pigskin cured for a tobacco pouch. I want it.

Saturday, 6th December

It is agreed, I believe on all sides, that we go to the trading house. I'm sorry for it as I wanted to go first to the Falls.

Went on and crossed little river. Some wagon signs discovered about its banks. Perhaps the trail of the Santa Fe Expedition — maybe that of a company of buffalo hunters. Tea-sch (or Guess) killed a wild bull. Came six miles today.

Sunday, 7th December

We are camped where some wild Indians were about three months ago. We got their old tent poles and such other camp materials as they left. Travelled nine miles today. It is rainy and cold. No game near. However, Lynch has killed one buffalo since we came. Glorious time — beef plain. We can cook it in three ways — broiling, boiling, and roasting in the ashes.

Monday, 8th December

Started for the Brazos once more. Gods will we ever get there? Am I to eat bull beef and drink water as long as I live? — back apace — cold and nothing to eat. Glorious! Our hunters have come in with plenty of turkies; twenty or thirty the number killed. Passed an I-Oni town today.

Tuesday, 9th December

Cold and wet yet. Went on about twenty miles. No meat tonight but some old rotten bull beef. Fine!

Wednesday, 10th December

Bell's mess has lost all their horses. Cunningham lent them his mule to hunt them on. We left him and struck for the Brazos. Got to the bottoms. Have Holt's and McDaniel's men to our right. Found their trail and soon after them. They had killed a couple of buffalo bulls. Glad. Went into the bottom. Never was there such a thicket. It is as bad as the one yesterday and the day before. But worse the deeper into it we went. It got worse. At tonight it really became so bad that the cutters on before could not hack a butcher knife up to the handle in it. This being the case we retreated. We had been half a day in the midst of briars and limbs, bushes, weeds, around, above and below. After an incredible day's toil, however, we found the river and — right in.. Wearied, wet and hungry, we did not wait to fish — no, or look out for quicksand. Luckily we safely crossed and as luckily again camped in good range. Our situation was somewhat

ameliorated by marrow bones and broiled meat. Oh, for salt, coffee, bread, bacon! Deo Vollente, we will be at the trading house!

Thursday, 11th December

Cold and raining yet. Started all hands. Struck a trail but left it in search of the road which runs from the Falls to the Trading House. Despaired finding it but kept on. We found it and glad shouts were raised. Our mules and animals pricked up their ears and mended their pace. After a long time to us, but really a short one, we saw the house about a mile off in the edge of a prairie and we shouted again.

Arrived there, I was disappointed at meeting such a white man as I did. He was a miserable little Yankee whose face bespoke the mean trickery of his "fist" heart. I had hoped to find a man. Today I have seen a road, a piece of bread (about as big as my thumb) and a white man. It was about the 10th of October that I last saw these things.

Friday, 12th December

We laid by. I traded my powder and other articles for others of different kinds. The Rangers, who are near us and camped, invited me over and gave me a piece of cornbread about as large as my hand. It fell down my throat like a rock in a well. It is the first my tongue has felt for a long time to it.

We had a good supper tonight, coffee, sugar, buffalo meat and fried, boiled rice with a mingling of pecans.

Every one is in a good humor. Miller, Thompson, Ben Mush, all. Laughs are long and songs too. Lynch and myself sang the "Wet Sheet and Flowing Sea" several times as well as we could. Good jokes, good humor, good fellows. Heavens how I hate to part with you.

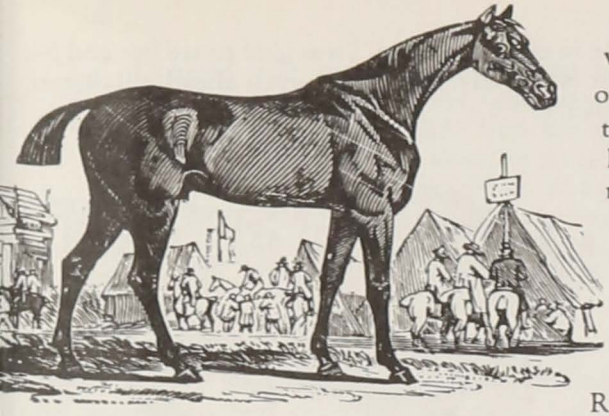
Saturday, 13th December

We all parted this morning. Some straight for home; some for the buffalo range, for ----- in Thompson's. They all have sharp tools and plenty of coffee and salt. They wish no more.

Lynch, Miller, Thompson, Ben Mush, Cunningham and I bade farewell too at the trading house. We never will all meet together again. We have tried each other and we know our faults and our qualities. Farewell.

Rode ahead at a smart pace for Buck Short. Took the wrong road and went to an old waste house. Did not lose more than two miles by it.

Arrived at Buck Short just at dusk, having travelled 22 or 23 miles since 12 o'clock.



When I rode up to the hotel of the place there were about twenty ladies in the gallery looking most eagerly at the race tracks.

"There they come!"

"No, it's somebody else."

"I wonder how long they are to be about it?"

These were the remarks of the ladies about the race. Recently it became very dark. Their hopes died when it was told them the race could not be run. I never heard of such a race anyhow, a hundred yards for a thousand dollars.

Nick Miller was at Maj. Porter's. He had some race horses in training and two or three races on hand.

This Buck Short has not been --- . The people are wholly given to racing and drinking. There was a frolic in the other room, some real ---- ---- towns. Nick Miller and someone else engaged in a scuffle for the amusement of the crowd. H-- sat up all night, others went to bed. One gentleman crowded me out of bed.

Sunday, 14th December

Was invited this morning to take a walk up to the "grocery". Went up. Capt. Biles keeps it. He has quite a variety, consisting of whiskey. You may drink it in two ways, with water or without it. My mule got out and could not be found.

Monday, 15th December

Found the first volume of Bulwer's "England and the English" which I read nearly all day. My mule was found about twelve o'clock. Caldwell came up to me in the evening. He has been away from home sometime.

Mr. Carr of this place, Buck Short, will accompany me to Austin.

Tuesday, 6th December

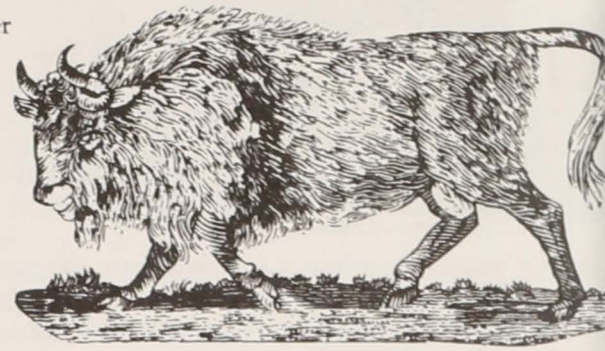
Carr came over ready to start. When he got to Capt. Barron's on the Falls of the Brazos, he had to stop and hunt a horse to ride. Could not be found. Of course then I had to delay going to Bryant's till tomorrow. I concluded to spend the day as best I could. Accordingly I sat down before the fire with my hat down over my eyes, thinking of friends and home.

"You needn't look so serious, sir — I know you." I paid no attention to the words as they were spoken by a woman and I was confident there was no one at the Falls of the Brazos that knew me.

"Now you needn't pretend like you don't know me." At this I looked up

and there stood Martha done in all her majesty. I was glad to see her and felt more comfortable for the rest of the day. We talked, even ahead, till dinner, supper and nine o'clock passed.

Wednesday, 17th December



Carr came over to breakfast and we got off immediately after. Shot an old bull buffalo on the way. Took our snack. Arrived at Maj. Bryant's just at lunch. I never had a more beautiful view in my life than from the top of the hill just beyond Bryant's. The Major and myself ---- ---- and chatted on ----fightings till bedtime. There are three or four bouncing girls here — real backwoods fellows.

Thursday, 18th December

Got off as late as ten o'clock as Carr had to change horses. The horse he rode had to be hunted.

I killed a deer in bottom on the S. of Little River. Dragged it into the road and left it.

Night overtook us ten miles from Capt. Mirrell's (Merrill's). We were obliged to go on however as there was no other chance. We had either to do this or wait for the moon to shine. We often got out of the track. My mule was constantly leaving it and Carr would not go before.

We had passed Murrill's when we luckily saw the light at his house after we had passed it. We were at the time hunting for the trail. We however soon forgot our troubles over a hot cup of coffee and a good supper.

Friday, 19th December

This man, Capt. Murrill is one ---- ----. He has twenty or thirty guns, one of which is the largest I ever saw. It carries eight balls to the pound. He has a small bored rifle about six feet long in the barrel. I saw two sand hill cranes light in a field. Capt. saw them and killed one.

Arrived at Austin about two o'clock. Found Maj. Beall. Got me some new clothes from Mr. Lamar Moore.

Came down to Judge Luckett's to board. Found a Capt. Sutton here. I do not like his appearance. He is conceited and affected. He was out with Kendall on the Santa Fe Expedition.

I want hog meat. I don't want corn beef, goose, nor any tallow meat. I want something oily.

I passed over the time intervening between the last date and Christmas. On Christmas Eve I sat alone and read. Where was I last year at that time? At a ball in Van Buren I believe. Well, here I was without any one to share whatever social feelings I might have had. Occasionally as someone would let off an old musket I would think of my younger days — but it was only for a moment — the remembrance of them was immediately drowned in a vortex of thoughts on my present condition, or rather, situation.

Christmas Day, December 25

I went to town in search of egg nogg. After hunting the town over I was lucky enough to find one and one only. I drank it and this ended all Christmas conviviality with me.

I wonder what they are doing at home. They have a ball in Van Buren, of course. Mrs. Stevenson can't dance a reel with me tonight. There are Matt, Ginny and Eve in all the glory they want to be in. Well, I'm glad my friends enjoy themselves if I can't.

But my situation isn't such a bad one. I am not living on poor buffalo bull beef or poor venison. I have a bed to sleep in and don't have to cook. By the Powers I'm well off, compared to some. Where are my Indian friends? Cold, wet and hungry perhaps? The wind blows the smoke in their tent ---- and they are ---- th--- ---- way home. Well, it won't be long that I am away from my little cottage. Thank God, and then having profited by the past, I'll enjoy the present.

Read Prescott's History of the Conquest of Mexico and Gen. Green's (Mier) Expedition. Both are very interesting, the latter the more so of the two.

New Year, Thursday, January 1st, 1846

The brightest day that Texas has seen for three months. It has been cloudy and rainy for a long time but from appearances the New Year will relieve the bad conduct of the old. It is most brilliantly clear. The mountains here are beautiful — the houses dazzling white, the sunshine strong and warm, makes me almost forget the murky cold that has been the whole of Nature for so long a time.

Happy New Year! May ye have kind friends at home. Happy? Happy! Happy! (An elaborate stylized drawing of lines, etc.)

Went up to town to see Maj. Beall about going to San Antonio. He says he will start on the 3rd inst.

By accident I found the first volume of "Outre Mer". Here was a treasure found at length in a land when I least expected it. I sat down and read it without rising from my chair. Preferred (it) to Longfellow.

Friday, January 2, 1846

Took my mule down to the river where I found the boat on this side and ----for him. Oh, what a good ride he'll give me going home. He's getting fat.

Standing once more upon the banks of the Colorado, I could not but think how short must be the time when I shall bid an eternal farewell to its mirror face and the green trees, and overhanging cliffs glistening in the sunshine like polished marble would rest in my memory like a dream of beauteous things. But so it must be. I could not linger for my feelings draw me to such scenes with such a force that it is like breaking the links of affection to be forced to leave them.

Saturday, January 3, 1846

For San Antonio.

Went up town this morning and found that a party were about starting for San Antonio. Went down to Luckett's and got my mule. Waited till after dinner. The manner of the party are 2 Eld---, Lyon Wright, Harper, B----, Watkins, a Dutchman and an Irishman. Came to the Colorado in a few minutes and two or three of the party got a ducking in the water crossing. Camped at Onion Creek and got supper. We then saddled up and went on to Rio Blanco. On our way we passed Live Oak Spring where two dutchmen had been murdered by the Indians a few weeks before. I expected every moment to see their ghosts start out of their grave.

The night was most beautiful. We travelled down twenty-five or thirty miles. Took a snack before lying down. Let my mule out with his hobble. All the rest tied up.

(Bill Cush's diary of his trip to San Antonio and home again will be completed in the next issue of FLASHBACK.)

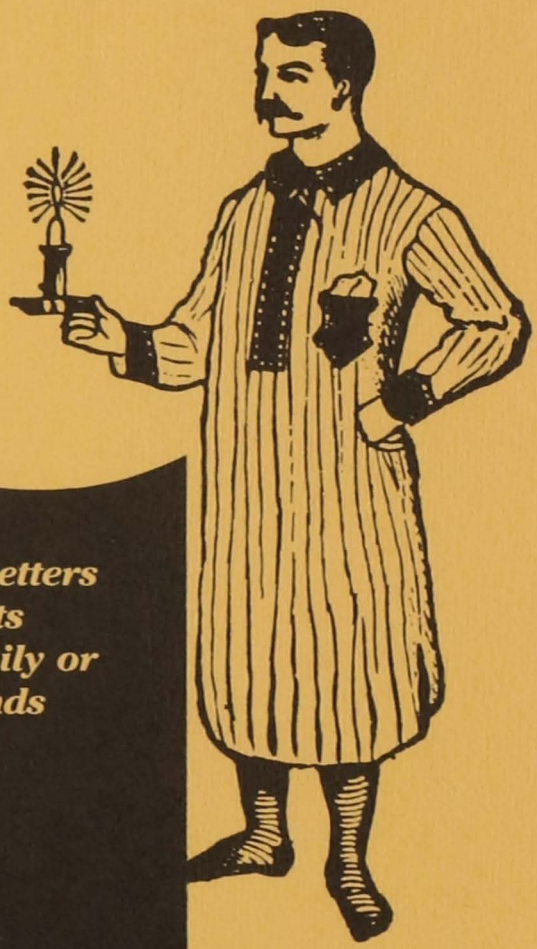
OLD NAMING PATTERNS

(from Carroll County Historical Society)

The first son was named after father's father.
The second son after the mother's father.
The third son after the father.
The fourth son after the father's eldest brother.
The first daughter after mother's mother.
The second daughter after the father's mother.
The third daughter after the mother.
The fourth daughter after the mother's eldest sister.

This was a common tradition for naming children but, of course, was not used by all. It often gives a clue as to the name of the grandparents. *(From the DeKalb County, Mo., Heritage, April 1981, and taken from the Baton Rouge Newsletter, Baton Rouge (LA) Genealogical and Historical Society.)*

HELP US
TO SHED MORE LIGHT
on Washington
County's History



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